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THE ADVENTURES OF A BANK-NOTE.

VOL. I.

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LONDON.

Barbara Stratford

THE

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OF A

BANK-NOTE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

——Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

VIRG. ÆN.

When I've held up a proper number
Of fools and knaves, and ſuch-like lumber,
To public view, and public ſcorn,
Contented I'll to duſt return.

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF A

BANK-NOTE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BANK-NOTE.

CHAP. I.

A pedigree not quite ſo long as Cadwallader's.

AS it is uſual for the hero of either a true tale or a romance to give an account of himſelf and family, in compliance with an old cuſtom I ſhall do the ſame; whether that ſaid old cuſtom is a good one or a bad one, I am no more a judge than the parſon of our pariſh is of Greek and Latin.

The grandmother of ſir Robert Walpole us'd to ſay to him, when he was but a little boy, " Bobby, when " you are at Rome, always take " care to do as they do at Rome." Bobby was a ſharp lad, and remembered what his grandmother ſaid; when he came to be a miniſter he found corruption was the faſhion, and he mended the matter with a vengeance.

Though I never had the happineſs of knowing my grandmother, yet I deſign to comply with the faſhion, and give a full and true account of my birth, parentage, life, and education: my laſt dying ſpeech I fear I ſhall hardly have time to make, as all my predeceſſors have gone off ſuddenly.

The

The inquiſitive world may perhaps be curious enough to enquire, why I alone, amongſt ſo many thouſands of bank-notes, came to be poſſeſſed of ſuch uncommon talents, as not only to recollect the particular paſſages of my life, but be likewiſe able to dictate to a ſecretary, or more properly ſpeaking, to inſpire knowledge into a machine, whoſe utmoſt qualification before was (like moſt of the quorum) juſt to be able to write his name, and read it when he had done.

Having an uncommon ſhare of good-nature, I will endeavour to ſatisfy the inquiſitive world as well as I am able; though perhaps, like Lucretius, I may attempt to account for what is really unaccountable.

I ſhall not however puzzle my readers' brains with more than one reaſon; if that will not ſatisfy them, I hope they won't be angry, if I deſire them to put their hands in their pockets and pleaſe themſelves.

To give but one reaſon in a matter of ſuch conſequence as this, where a writer worth being taken into miniſterial pay would give twenty, muſt, I am ſenſible, make me appear rather ſmall: but ſmall as I am in my own eye, I chuſe to ſtep forth in my natural ſhape, rather than ſuffer myſelf to be cramm'd with other folks reaſons; and by that means cut as bad a figure as the ſtarv'd apothecary in Romeo and Juliet would, ſhould they ſtuff him with cuſhions, and

oblige

oblige him to perſonate ſir John Falſtaff.

The perſon that depoſits caſh for a bank-note may properly be called its father; and children very often, though not always, inherit the ſharpneſs or ſtupidity of their parents. There is indeed a certain qualification, called roguery, which is pretty ſure to deſcend from father to ſon for endleſs generations, whilſt native honeſty ſeldom reaches to the third, but never was known to arrive at the fourth generation.

The fathers of the generality of bank-notes are noblemen's ſtewards, placemen's gentlemen, city uſurers, knowing ſtock-jobbers, bankers' clerks, and biſhops' toll-gatherers; from ſuch

roots what branches can you expect? But my father was another kind of an animal to what any of these creatures were; he was the first of his profession that ever entered the Bank to carry money, and I verily believe he will be the last.

Not to keep you longer in suspence, right worshipful and worshipful readers——my father was a poet.

What in the name of wonder makes you start so! Sure you don't think I design to impose on you at first setting out? and yet I think I should have first bespoke your good opinion of my veracity, by some plain story with nothing of the wonderful in it, before I ventured to tell

so

ſo unlikely a tale, as a poet's carrying twenty pounds to the Bank. But now there is no other alternative, than to aſſure you, that I have told nothing but truth; and if you inſiſt on my affidavit before my lord-mayor, I ſhall take it with as ſolemn a face as if I was going to bribe a great man, and was taking an oath to keep it a ſecret.

My father, the morning before he begot me, had received thirty guineas for a copy of verſes; after paying his rent firſt, then his debts at the chandler's ſhop for ſmall-beer, red-herrings, and farthing candles; then at the tripe-ſhop, for cow-heel and pig's-liver; then at the pot-houſe, for penyworths of beer; and laſtly, at the baker's, for halfpenny rolls,

he found he had twenty-one pounds ſix ſhillings and ninepence three farthings left.

What he had never done in his life before, he did that night; he went to bed with that prodigious ſum in his pocket: but not a wink of ſleep did he get, for thinking how to lay it out to the beſt advantage for his future emolument. After nine hours conſideration, he found out that a title would be of infinite ſervice to help him to a good price for his future labours; a poetical letter to a member of parliament, by ſir Timothy Tag-rhime, he thought would have a glorious ſound with it; upon which, he reſolved to pen a poetical petition to the king, to beg leave to inform his majeſty, that the com-

company of poets did not at all approve of any of the petitions which had been preſented; and that they had come to a reſolution not to turn any of them into verſe, either rhime or blank, upon any conſideration under a penſion. This he deſign'd to get ſign'd by a majority of poets, which (as Alexander Pope informs us)

> Computed by their pecks of coals,
> Amount to eighty thouſand ſouls.

Now the number being ſo ſmall, any common ſchoolmaſter might compute when the better half had ſign'd. This petition he deſigned to preſent himſelf, and accept the honour of knighthood.

The Goddeſs Aurora had no ſooner given notice that Phœbus was oiling his

his harneſs, and would begin his journey in leſs than an hour, than my father inſtantly threw a tatter'd night-gown over his ſhoulders; and having, by good luck, a whole ſheet of paper in a drawer, he fell to work on the petition, and finiſh'd it in leſs than three hours: but juſt as he was going to ſign his own name to it, Prudence, or Foreſight, or ſome of thoſe gentry, came and told him, that the fees of knighthood, payable to court-leeches, would much exceed his capital, (though very large for a poet.) This rather diſconcerted his ſcheme, and ſet him a ſcratching, that being a kind of involuntary motion with him, whenever a train of ideas kept whirling in his brain with ſuch velocity that he could not fix on any ſingle one to ſtick by, and let

the

the reſt whirl out the way they came in. At laſt, an old acquaintance of his called Hunger, brought the idea of eating to the outſide of the circle: he ſeized it directly, and in that inſtant remembered he wanted his breakfaſt; upon which, ſlipping on a pair of old ſhoes called ſlippers, and taking a brown baſon in his hand, he whipped down ſtairs to get a hot roll and a pint of milk: the miſtreſs of the milk-cellar fill'd his baſon in a moment, and held it ſo that ſhe could take the money with one hand, as ſhe delivered it with the other; when my poor father (whoſe mind was in high converſation with Phœbus and the Nine) forgetting he had no breeches on, opened his night-gown, and taking up his ſhirt by way of waiſt-coat flap, fell to rummaging his naked

thigh

thigh to find his breeches pocket. The milk-ſpinner, who was an old maid, (and of conſequence not over-ſtocked with good-nature and patience) quite miſtook the matter, and fancied the good man did it on purpoſe to affront her; ſhe therefore let fly the baſon, with all its contents, at the part that offended her eye ſight the moſt, and ſtump'd down ſtairs in high dudgeon.

The coldneſs of the milk, and the pain occaſioned by the edge of the baſon hitting where it ſhould not, ſoon broke off his converſation with the Muſes, and reſtored him to, what uninſpired people would call, his ſober ſenſes. He inſtantly ſaw his error: on which, wrapping his gown about him, without ſtaying to wipe off the milk, he ran like lightning

up

up his five pair of ſtairs, to put on his ſtockings and breeches; then returning, he made ſo handſome an apology to the mixer of milk and water, that ſhe not only lent him one of her own baſons for his milk, but would, I verily believe, have wip'd him dry with one of her beſt napkins, if he had deſired it.

All the time he was enjoying a breakfaſt that kings might envy, (if kings had any taſte) he was ſtill pondering how his ſtock of wealth might be laid out to the beſt advantage; I mean by way of adding to his rank; for being but the ſon of a cucumber, he could lay claim, by patrimony, to no other arms than three lice rampant.

The

The Muſes, with whom he was a ſort of a favourite, ſeeing him ſo perplex'd; and being ſenſible that with the aſſiſtance of them all together, he might not quickly raiſe a ſecond thirty guineas, deputed one of their number to inſpire him with a thought how to raiſe his dignity, and ſave his money into the bargain.

Clio was ſent on the errand. Go, ſays ſhe, to the Bank; give them twenty pounds for a bank-note, payable to Timothy Taggrhime, Eſq. After the Bank has dubb'd you an eſquire, no man will dare to ſay a word againſt it; you may then boldly add the title eſquire to your name the very next work you publiſh.

liſh. Your title to the title will then be as indiſputably a title, as your own title to your title-page. How many fellows are there that never ſaw a bank-note of their own in their lives, yet have the aſſurance to tagg the word eſquire to their names, ſuch as Peter Miſnomer, of Gray's-inn, Eſq. Benjamin Brazen-noſe, of the Inner-temple, Eſq. Jonathan Never-bluſh, of Whitehall, Eſq. *cum multis aliis*. Now you, when you are a Bank-dubb'd eſquire, may look on all theſe ſelf-dubb'd eſquires with as much contempt as my lord's pimp, when he firſt gets into his coach, doth on the honeſt ſtable-keeper that help'd him to his place.

Away

Away went my father to the Bank directly, and in an auſpicious hour begot—I mean, got me.

CHAP. II.

Literary diſtreſs.

I Lay in the pocket of this father of mine, this 'ſquire Tag-rhime, for above ſix weeks, and ſhould have lain there till now, if his one pound ſix ſhillings and ninepence three farthings, the ballance left in hand after I was paid for, would have laſted ſo long: but maugre all his care, it waſted and waſted, like a waſh-ball. I have often thought his fatherly affection made him ſo deſirous to keep

me

me in his poſſeſſion, that he was troubleſome to duke Humphrey for a dinner much oftener than he elſe would have been; though the viſit could not be much more troubleſome to the duke than it was to himſelf, for he always thought his ſoup-meagre taſted confoundedly like water, and never failed to create a moſt keen appetite for ſupper.

You ſeem ſurpriſed, moſt venerable reader, that a man ſo favoured by the Muſes had not produced ſomething in full ſix weeks to reinforce his pocket, and ſave me from being turned into the wide world. Your ſurpriſe is natural, and what I expected from a man of your penetration; give me leave therefore to inform you, that he had a piece ready,

and was ſo certain of its anſwering, that he did not carry it to his book-ſeller, till he had no more than one farthing of his one pound ſix and ninepence three farthings left, in a corner of his pocket, to keep (as old nurſes ſay) the devil out.

Although my father did not expect this haſty production would fetch the enormous ſum his firſt laboured piece had done, yet he made himſelf ſure of five guineas at leaſt; which ſum, at his rate of living, would have laſted full ſeven months, and I been ſtill kept in his pocket, ready to vamp with, by pulling me out four or five times a-day to get changed in places, where twenty pounds did not make its appearance above once in twenty years. But alas!

alas! how are the wiſeſt of men often miſtaken? *humanum eſt errare*, ſays a great writer, who I fancy is dead; reſt his ſoul, ſay I; but I have either forgot his name, or elſe I never knew it, I cannot poſitively ſay which, and I never aſſert but where I am very poſitive.

If experience has not already convinced my father, I am apt to think it will ſome time or other, that a ready-money author's works do not ſucceed according to their merit, but according to the lucky or unlucky moment in which they are preſented. When my father carried his firſt piece to the bookſeller, he found him full of caſh, and of conſequence full of good humour. The bargain was ſoon ſtruck, and the money paid.

Now when he carried this laſt production, the times were quite chang'd. Mr. Catch-penny was not only quite out of caſh, and of conſequence quite out of ſpirits, but his wife had been giving him a curtain-lecture into the bargain, on a violent ſuſpicion of his letting ſome interloper ſhare in her perquiſites.

A reader of very ſlender talents may eaſily conceive, the diſcord that rumbled in our bookſeller's brain-pan had left little room to admit the harmony of flowing numbers: in ſhort, he told my father, before he had heard four pages, that it was ſuch d—'d ſtuff, inſtead of five guineas, he would not give him five farthings for it; and though the piece had twice the merit of that

which

which he had given thirty for, and cleared above a hundred by, yet did he ſend my poor father home ſo much out of love with it, that on his arrival at his lofty tenement, he thruſt it into the fire; (I mean the fire-place) for though the weather was as cold as an eaſterly wind could make it, yet had he not ſeen a ſpark of fire for near a week, and for the ſimpleſt reaſon in the world; but as I do not expect you will be cunning enough to gueſs his reaſon, I muſt tell it you:

He had neither coals nor wood to make one.

Why, O ſhort-ſighted man, wilt thou preſume to wiſh for any parti-

cular article in this life? Why, I ſay, point out thy wants, when, if thy wiſh was inſtantly granted, it would only bring thee ſorrow, vexation, and trouble to thy life's end.

During this coal-leſs week, I often heard my father blowing his fingers, and ſaying, O that I had but a ſingle ſack of coals! He had read that ſtingy whelp's, that Alexander Pope's ſarcaſm on poets, and was reſolved to brave all weathers, rather than purchaſe his coals by pecks.

Had his wiſhes for a ſack of coals been crown'd with ſucceſs, it would have proved one of the greateſt misfortunes of his life; for then there would have been fire in his grate,

grate, and a copy of verſes of real merit would have been reduced to aſhes, and loſt to the world for ever.

But the nine Siſters, who knew the value of his productions, ſaw and trembled for the danger; therefore inſtantly diſpatched his old friend to his aſſiſtance.

As he was conſidering what plan he could purſue, to ſave me from travelling, and himſelf from ſtarving, Clio threw the firſt ſix lines of his ſacrificed poem plump into his brain-pan. As they were really good ones, no wonder the remembrance of them inſpired him with a ſudden fit of repentance for his raſhneſs: on which he turned as ſwiftly about as the fly of a jack, or very near it: you may

judge of the rapidity of his motion, and the ſpring he went off with, when I aſſure you, that inſtead of ſtopping when he was half way round, which would have brought his noſe in a direct line with the fire-place, he turn'd five times round before he could ſtop himſelf. I thought at firſt he was going to learn the ſwift whirl, with deſign to ſupply the place of the girl with ſwords and plates at Sadler's-wells: but it was no ſuch thing, he only wanted to recover his brat out of the fire; but it happened to him as it doth to all blundering ſtateſmen, moſt haſte worſt ſpeed.

At laſt he ſtopped, and by good luck with his face to the fire-place; where ſeeing his papers contrary to

ex-

expectation not quite conſumed, he ran with ſuch fury to ſnatch the ſurviving remnants out of the fire, that forgetting to ſtoop low enough, his head ſaluted the brick chimney-piece with ſuch fury, that he not only diſplaced two bricks, but meaſured his own length backwards on the floor.

A mantua-maker that occupied the room under him, alarmed at the ſudden rumble, which like an earthquake ſhook the old houſe, and made the very foundation tremble, ran up like lightning to ſee what was the matter. She found my poor father on his back, motionleſs: upon which ſhe flew down, and brought up a lighted candle to bring him out of his fit, by burning ſome paper under his noſe. Now the ſheet on the table

was

was wrote upon, and ſhe had not a ſingle ſcrap of waſte paper in her pocket; what could ſhe do in this dilemma, but look about her.

And look about her ſhe did.

The Goddeſs Envy, who always hates good productions, directed her eye to the grate, where eſpying a bundle of papers, ſhe naturally judged as you and I and all man and womankind would have done, that they were uſeleſs papers, deſigned to light the fire with; upon which, ſhe ſeized the firſt ſheet, and twiſting it up, was juſt applying it to the flame of the candle, when Clio, remembering how Minerva aſſiſted Menelaus,

As

* (As we are told in doggrel rhime,
Came to his aid in pudding-time,
And turn'd aſide the furious dart,
Intended for his pluck or heart,
Into a more ignoble part.)

prov'd as good a friend to my father, as the Goddeſs of wiſdom did to the Spartan; for ſhe either ran a pin into his buttocks, fell to lug his ears, or ſtirr'd up his brains, or tweak'd his noſe, till ſhe got his eyes open: the firſt thing he ſaw was a flaming paper advancing to his noſe. This brought him up as nimbly as he went down, and his dear poem floating uppermoſt in his thoughts, he inſtantly ſeized the paper, and blew it out; then running to the fire-place, ſnatch'd the reſt

* Vide the Burleſque Tranſlation of Homer.

out of the grate, and ſell to blowing and trampling them under foot at ſuch a rate, that the mantua-maker thinking he was ſtark mad, whipped up her candle, and made her eſcape, taking care to lock her door after ſhe got into her room.

My father was ſo pleaſed to find that his poem had eſcaped with only the loſs of the margin of the firſt leaf, that he did not quickly feel the great bump raiſed on his forehead, by his antagoniſts the bricks, who in the main had no great reaſon to boaſt of their victory, for he not only made them give way firſt, but had crack'd one of them quite in two; though it cannot be denied but he retreated immediately after his onſet.

Feeling

Feeling his bump increaſe in ſize, he found he muſt of neceſſity lay out his laſt farthing in vinegar to bathe it with, elſe his hat would ſoon be too little for his head; ſo down he went to the grocer's, and having credit at the baker's and chandler's ſhop, he brought a penny roll and a quarter of a pound of cheeſe along with him, reſolving to ſtay at home all day to bathe his wound, and re-peruſe his poem.

Between nine and ten o'clock the eaſterly winds ſtill continuing to blow cold, though they did not blow any coals into his garret, he finding his feet and fingers both grow chilly, in ſpite of all the aid the Muſes could lend him, thought it beſt to put himſelf to bed, where,

with

with the help of an additional rug, he could keep himſelf warm, and converſe with the Nine into the bargain. He had hardly fixed on a ſubject worthy of conſulting their ladyſhips about, when he was ſuddenly alarmed with a cry of fire; on which, he inſtantly ſtarted out of bed: but remembering the adventure of the milk-cellar, he took care to put on his breeches, and as his coat and waiſtcoat always followed next, he luckily put them on too; then ramming his ſtockings into his pocket, and buckling his ſhoes on his bare feet, he opened his door to ſee what was the matter.

By this time all the people had made their eſcape out of the houſe, and

and the flames had ſeized the ſtair-caſe below.

Now though the fire is burning ſo fiercely, that half a dozen houſes may be demoliſhed before I return to my tale, yet it is proper I make a ſmall digreſſion.—My father, inſtead of taking the air on horſe-back, as your extravagant tradeſmen now-a-days too often do, uſed to amuſe himſelf frequently in taking the air with his head out of his garret window, and ſometimes on the leads of the houſe. In one of theſe excurſions (if that is a proper expreſſion for taking the air) he had obſerved that in caſe of a fire, the parapet wall lay ſo convenient, that he could walk into his neighbours premiſes, either to the right or left,

without

without much danger. He therefore very coolly ſhut his door, and taking a deal box, which contained a few ſhirts and ſtockings, he crammed his poem into it, and walked very deliberately with his box under his arm into his neighbour's garret window, from whence he ſoon found his way into the ſtreet: he left indeed his ragged nightgown behind him; but then he ſaved three ſhillings and ſixpence, due for his lodging; by which he cleared at leaſt two ſhillings and ten pence, and about three-ſixteenths of a penny. Authors are not expected to be very exact in calculations, but an honeſt man would chuſe to be as near the mark as he could, to ſhew he is attentive to his buſineſs.

A ſpec-

A ſpectator in the ſtreet ſeeing my father half undreſſed, recommended him to a ſixpenny lodging-houſe. The good man being ſenſible that he was no great dab at either handling engine-pipes or carrying water-buckets, took the advice of his new acquaintance, and retired thither.

At this expenſive lodging-houſe was the 'ſquire obliged to continue three days before he could find a comfortable, convenient, warm, ſnug, cheap garret to his mind; at laſt he pitched on one in Mutton-lane, which he thought very reaſonable.

But now, alas! the dreadful hour approached, when part we muſt. To deſcribe the doleful ſcene requires the pen of an Otway. For my part I muſt,

in imitation of a famous painter, throw a veil over the face, whoſe feelings I find myſelf unable to delineate.

Eighteen pence for three nights lodging was the ſum that the deal box and its contents were in pawn for: if you cannot change me a bank-note for twenty, ſays my father, I muſt call on you to-morrow. The woman taking me in her hand, whips out of the door, ſaying, I'll get you change of my neighbour Raiſin-ſtone in a minute, and away ſhe went. As I paſſed by my father, I perceived a livid paleneſs had overſpread his whole countenance, and he ſeemed as if he was ſinking into the earth; his title of eſquire was going, and he unable to ſtop it; and I am afraid

that

that neither Clio nor himſelf will have preſence of mind enough to find out that a ten pound note will beſtow as good a title as I did; but happen as it may, I was left with Mr. Raiſin-ſtone the grocer.

CHAP. III.

Killing, very profitable to the doctor; curing, but a tickliſh affair.

I Could not help obſerving, that although Mr. Raiſin-ſtone was dreſſed in full mourning, yet his countenance was as blithe as if he had buried his wife. I had not lain half an hour on his deſk before I underſtood that he had really buried a rich uncle, to whom he was ſole heir; and it had tranſported him ſo much,

that he ſeemed to attend very little to buſineſs, but kept whiſtling and ſinging and capering about the ſhop, like a boy juſt come from ſchool to keep Chriſtmas holidays: he really made good the old ſaying, Many a light heart under a long hat-band. In about two hours time in came a tall well-looking gentleman with a wonderful large wig on. I preſently found he was the doctor who had given old Treacle-beard, the uncle, his paſſport to croſs the Styx and viſit Elyſium.

Doctor, your ſervant, ſays young Raiſin-ſtone; I am very glad to ſee you now, but ſhall be very ſorry to do it again this twenty years. Upon which, taking me in his hand, he preſented me to the doctor: this, adds

adds he, is, I think, about the matter. The doctor, with a gracious ſmile ſaid, Yes, ſir; and directly popp'd me into his pocket-book. Now maſter Raiſin-ſtone knew very well that the doctor had been only eighteen viſits; but becauſe he had (as the workmen term it) made a clean finiſh of his buſineſs, the grocer, in the fulneſs of his joy, did not value the odd two and twenty ſhillings, and the doctor was too much a gentleman to offer change.

The diſciple of Galen having no further buſineſs at preſent, popp'd into his chariot, and took me along with him, leaving the grocer at liberty to caper and dance his ſhoe-ſoles off as ſoon as he pleaſed: the coachman drove to Mrs. Love-

dram's, who, poor woman, was in the laſt ſtage of a dropſy; for which reaſon the doctor paid her two viſits a day, and plied her with powder of poſt for the benefit of the apothecary, who was a very quiet careful man, and had recommended many a good patient to the doctor.—Gratitude is an amiable qualification, and it has prejudiced me ſo much in favour of this member of the college, that I verily believe for his own emolument alone he would never have thought of more than one viſit a day; but to ſerve a friend who had ſo often ſerved him, he ſubmitted to the drudgery of earning an additional guinea a day for himſelf.

From this poor lady's, we proceeded to the coffee-houſe, and joined a group

a group of as large wigs and wiſe faces as our own. A great deal of diſcourſe paſſed about American troubles, Middleſex election, large majority, and reſpectable minority, but the d—l a word about phyſic: the reaſon I did not then know, but I have ſince found out, that nothing can be more cautious than theſe gentlemen are of expoſing their weak ſides to one another, being ſenſible that moſt of them are better qualified to talk about any thing elſe than the buſineſs they profeſs.

From the coffee-houſe we drove home to dinner, little thinking we were to part ſo ſoon: the doctor thought ſo little of the matter, that he had placed me in a bye corner of his book, along with three more

companions of equal value; but they proved ſuch heavy-headed rogues, I could not get a word out of them all the time I ſtaid in their company. I have a great notion their father was the gundy-gutted ſtock-broker that lives in * * *: but to underſtand clearly the cauſe of our parting from the doctor, you ought to have the ſtory from the beginning.

Know then that this ſon of Eſculapius had undertaken to cure a very beautiful girl, the daughter of a poor widow, who kept a ſmall needle and pin ſhop in his neighbourhood. As the diſtemper was the green ſickneſs, which the doctor told the mother was very difficult to eradicate, without a particular exerciſe, for which he had a moving machine ready prepared in his

his own ſtudy: the girl was therefore ordered to attend him at ſix in the evening, three times a week, that being as often as he thought he could manage the machine conveniently. The girl attended regularly at the appointed hour, and grew better and better every day: in ſhort, in two months time the operator declared it a complete cure. Some people may perhaps think he grew weary of adminiſtering his preſcriptions gratis, and therefore announced a complete cure ſo ſoon; otherwiſe it is an unuſual thing for a phyſician to diſmiſs a patient ſo ſuddenly, that they have the entire direction of: but my opinion is, that the doctor, for his credit's ſake, had begun ſo briſkly, and taken ſuch uncommon pains with her, that he grew rather

weary

weary of his taſk: however, be that as it may, it appeared that this ſkilful doctor (tinker like) while he ſtopped one hole, had made another; for the young woman brought away a diſorder to the full as troubleſome, though not quite ſo dangerous, as what he had cured her of; it was a ſwelling in the waiſt, which was likely to increaſe, in ſpite of all remedies, for ſix or ſeven months. The poor innocent girl really did not know what was the matter with her; but the mother, by aſking ſome leading queſtions, ſoon gueſſed what part of the doctor's preſcriptions had done this miſchief: ſhe therefore no longer wondered at his boaſting, that he had taken ſuch uncommon pains with her daughter: on which ſhe whipped on her black brown old ſatin

car-

cardinal, faced with a piece of half-bald bear-ſkin, and away ſhe trudged to the doctor's. She found him in the very ſtudy where he had laboured ſo hard to cure her poor girl. The firſt word the old woman could get out was, Thank you, ſir. Now the doctor thinking the old lady was come to expreſs her gratitude for her daughter's recovery, began to flouriſh away, and told her, the cure of the dear girl had really given him very great pleaſure. I believe it did, ſays the old lady. Yes, ſays the doctor, very great pleaſure it did give me; and if ſhe ſhould chance to relapſe, I ſhall not grudge the ſame trouble over again, without fee or reward. At this the old lady loſt all patience, and turning the rough ſide of her tongue, let fly ſuch a volley through

both

both his ears, that the doctor, for fear of the whole family being alarm'd, the moment he could get a word in, promiſed to make any ſatisfaction ſhe required: on which the old woman, who did not want ſenſe to know what was done could not be undone, in an inſtant recovered the ſmooth ſide of her tongue, and changed the hurricane into a dead calm: in ſhort, they quickly agreed, that the doctor ſhould give the old laſs fourſcore pounds, to portion off her daughter to an honeſt ſhoemaker that was very fond of her. The bargain was no ſooner made, but I and three more of my companions walked out of the doctor's pocket-book into the old lady's ſnuff-box; where, although ſhe had thrown out the remnants of her laſt farthing's worth of Scotch ſnuff to make room for us, yet

the

the fume that was left, joined to the fuſty warmth of her greaſy pocket, had well nigh ſtifled me, and I have hated the ſmell of Scotch ſnuff ever ſince.

In this box, however, I lay ſweating near ſeven months, till the girl returned out of the country, where the old lady ſent her to viſit a relation, and where ſhe in due time recovered both her health and ſhape. For the firſt month after the girl's departure, we had pretty good elbow-room in our ſmall apartment, being only myſelf and my three Jew companions: we were indeed all day in the torrid zone; the heat of the old lady's thigh conſtantly regaled us all that time; but at night ſhe clapped her pocket under her pillow, which partly protected us from the heat of her

her head. We bore our confinement very patiently, becauſe, as I ſaid before, we had pretty good elbow-room; but unfortunately for us, a clerk in the Exchequer had caſt his eyes on the daughter, and formed a deſign to cure her by the very ſame method the doctor had uſed. How two people of ſuch different occupations ſhould hit exactly on the ſame preſcription, I cannot conceive, but ſo it really happened. Now this Exchequer pen-driver, curious to know what was become of the daughter, had inſinuated himſelf into the mother's favour, by buying needles and thread of her to mend his ſtockings with; for being one of the young clerks, with a low ſalary, he was glad to perform the operation of darning holes in his ſtockings and breeches himſelf.

himſelf. This ſpark finding the old lady troubled with corns, had made her a preſent of a piece of green wax to cure them with. Here I cannot avoid letting my readers into a ſecret, worth ten times the money that the price of my book amounts to, viz. that Exchequer green wax is a better cure for corns than all the advertiſed ſalves put together. This our ſpark learned in the office, and therefore recommended it ſo ſtrongly to the old lady, that ſhe carefully ſtuffed the piece he gave her into our box, eſteeming it, next us, the greateſt treaſure ſhe had. This filled our apartment ſo very full, that we had not room to ſneeze: the only comfort we enjoyed before was, that though we were very hot, we could not ſtew in our own greaſe, having

none

none to ſtew in; but now, like the lean man that got jamm'd in a crowd, cloſe to a fat tallow-chandler, we ſtewed in greaſe not our own: and had we not ſuck'd in a rare quantity of freſh air every time ſhe opened her box to take out a piece of the wax, we ſhould never have ſurvived our impriſonment. For my own part, I bore it with great impatience; but my Jewiſh companions ſeemed to bear it as patiently as their forefathers did, when the Egyptians ſet them to make bricks without ſtraw, becauſe the ſtupid devils never found out they were ſlaves, till Moſes told them ſo.

Honeſt Criſpin is now to be made happy in the arms of this beautiful virgin, for beautiful ſhe was, as an

angel,

angel; and as good a virgin, to all appearance, as the moſt demure-looking maid of honour in the whole court pack. They were aſked in the church three ſucceſſive Sundays, for the old woman knew the value of money too well to buy a licence: you may be ſure it proved a tedious three weeks to me, as I knew our enlargement from our ſweaty confinement depended on the marriage. At length the happy day arrived, on which the ſun ſhone exceeding bright: whether he did it to grace the wedding, or ripen cucumbers, is too weighty a point for me to determine. The complaiſant Exchequer-clerk would ſtand father, and promiſed Criſpin not only his own, but all his brother clerks, cuſtom for ſhoes; and he was as good as his word: but I hear ſome wags

have ſaid ſince, that whilſt Criſpin took meaſure of his foot for the firſt pair of ſhoes, he took meaſure of Criſpin's head for a pair of horns, and fitted him ſo nicely, that they ſit as eaſy as a glove. I wiſh this young man had the fitting of all our quality, inſtead of the bungling fellows that put their horns on, they would not then keep clattering their aſſes' ears againſt their horns, till they let all the world ſee that their wives have uſed them juſt as they deſerve; whilſt Criſpin is the moſt contented man on earth, and would not believe any harm of his wife, ſhould he ſee the Exchequer-clerk, or even the pains-taking doctor himſelf, in bed with her.

CHAP. IV.

A hair's-breadth eſcape.

IN the morning Criſpin aroſe, as blithe as a lark. Breakfaſt was no ſooner over, than out comes the old lady's ſnuff-box, or corn-ſalve-box, call it which you pleaſe, when, to our great refreſhment, we were ſpread upon the table, and delivered over in form to Criſpin; upon which the young wife lays hold on me, doubles me carefully up, and puts me into her boſom. What a change was here! O reader, think (if thou haſt any ſenſation) of my happy ſituation! diſſolved in pleaſure, I lay gaſping and panting like a great carp in a fiſhmonger's baſket, placed in a

vale between two ſnowy mountains. I kept alternately ſurveying the ſides, quite up to the ſummit; and then caſting my eyes down the delightful valley that leads to—— But I think ſome poet has deſcribed it better than I can: I will give you the words as nigh as I can recollect:

Betwixt thoſe hills a milky way there leads,
Not to the heav'ns, nor yet th' Elyſian meads;
But here's a path to greater pleaſures ſhewn,
For which the Gods have oft forſook their own.

Whilſt I was enjoying a ſituation great Jove himſelf would envy (was he alive now) would you think it poſſible that I could fiſh up ſomething to be diſcontented at. Now whether you think it poſſible or not,

I muſt

I muſt tell you that I was very much diſcontented, becauſe Nature had not formed my optics in ſuch a manner as to look nine ways at thrice; and then whilſt I was enjoying one part, I need not loſe ſight of the other: for want of which qualification I pined in the midſt of plenty. Thus do we blind mortals extract pain from the greateſt pleaſures. I wiſh, to balance it, I could extract pleaſure from the greateſt pain: ſo far from getting, like modern tincture-brewers, a patent for the ſecret, I would freely communicate it to all the ſons and daughters of Adam. But as the evils of this life are ſo ſtrangely intermixed with the good things, that we have ſeldom occaſion to complain of being ſurfeited with happineſs,

you won't wonder if I ſoon felt a ſevere change, and a dreadful change I did feel indeed: for this Criſpin, who was not (like our modern nobility) emaciated to a ſhadow at one and twenty, but as robuſt and hardy as one of the ancient barons, on a ſudden ſeizing his beautiful bride round the waiſt, preſſed his boſom ſo hard againſt her's, that one of his buttons, taking me under the fifth rib, gave me ſo much pain that I inſtantly fell into a fit. Do not you tremble, gentle reader, to think what a riſque poſterity ran at that moment of loſing theſe memoirs of mine; and yet although the loſs would have equalled, if not exceeded, that of the Alexandrian library, neither did whirlwind or earthquake precede that dan-

dangerous criſis; and had I gone off, I ſhould have died without ſo much as making all nature tremble.

CHAP. V.

Oliver Cromwell and the devil.

THE great Alexander Pope, of crooked memory, (and a crooked ill-natured dog he was, that's certain, though the prince of poets) tells us in ſome of his books, that nature ſuffers as great a ſhock on the death of a mite as an elephant: but a very great poet, before his days, informed us that when Oliver Cromwell died, all nature not only trembled but groaned. Now a wicked popiſh crew at that time, with which the nation was infeſted, had the im-

pudence to deny the fact ſtoutly, and aſſert that nature did not tremble, it was only the devil flying away with Oliver; and the reaſon of the uproar was, that he being a confounded fractious fellow all his life-time, the devil could not get him to go quietly along, even when he was dead; ſo they quarrelled in their journey through the air, and in their ſcuffling, knocked down the tops of two or three church-ſteeples. Now this Alexander Pope was always ſuſpected to be popiſhly inclined, and therefore no wonder he took the popiſh ſide of the queſtion, for they all hang in a ſtring; or if they do not, it's pity but they did. However, ſince people ſeem inclined to make it a diſputable point, it will be a leſſon to me, not to give myſelf much trouble whether nature groans

or

or ſleeps, when I quit this troubleſome ſtage of human folly. Much has been ſaid on both ſides the queſtion; and ſome wiſe-looking fellow, that happens to have time and ſtupidity enough on his hands, will no doubt, ſome day or other, ſay much more about it: but as I have no time to ſpare, to ſay ought on either ſide, I ſhall go on with my tale.

I did not recover out of my fit for a full hour at leaſt. When I awoke, I found myſelf in the very place where Criſpin had given me ſuch a horrible ſqueeze.

I once heard a ſailor ſay, that when he was ſtinted to a two hours nap, he could ſleep as much in that time as a landman could in four. Thus it hap-

happened with me: for fear of being again diſturbed, I ſwallowed double draughts of pleaſure, till about five o'clock in the afternoon: then to my great mortification, was I lugged headlong out of paradiſe, to be delivered into the hands of a piece of wood and wire, called a ſilk-mercer; a fellow who had leſs of nature in his motions than Flockton's great tall puppet, which he ſtiles King Solomon in all his glory. This figure, with a bow as ſtiff as if his back-bone had been made of a poker, in return for me gave Criſpin's wife ſixteen guineas, one ſhilling, and twelve yards of luteſtring.

I have dwelt on this part of my life longer than perhaps I ſhall on any other, becauſe, though full of

diſ-

diſaſters, yet the pleaſure I did enjoy was exquiſite, for the girl was a moſt lovely creature; and had I been one of the College, I would have preſcribed the very ſame drugs the doctor did; ſo I would not have him think I mention the affair out of diſreſpect, either to his perſon, his wig, or profeſſion; and if any of my readers under ſixty would not turn doctor to perform ſo great a cure, I deſire him to ſhut the book.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

A hint to ſomebody.

BEFORE I proceed in my ſtory, I deſign to beſtow a few lines on the ſubject of oſtentation, though I may prove about as well qualified for it as the gentleman that undertook to deſcribe mull'd wine. Some people, ſays he, (with a face as wiſe as a privy-counſellor's) chuſe to have their wine mull'd with eggs in it, and ſome without: now, gentlemen, what I intend clearly to demonſtrate is, that the wine mixt with eggs is mull'd wine with eggs in it, and the wine that has no eggs at all, is mull'd wine without eggs. Some of the company I obſerved ſeemed to ſtare

at

at his profound knowledge; but for my part, I civilly thanked the gentleman, and told him I was much edified. Now I wish some of my readers may not have the same reason to thank me for my dissertation on ostentation: but no matter for that; I am in for't, and shall proceed.

Ostentation, as I take it, is ostentation, whether it shews itself in the shape of ermine, over a senator's shoulders; or in a multiplicity of hairs flowing from a judge's pericranium; or in shape of a great star on the breast of a Bath-metal knight; or a broad brimm'd beaver upon the noddle of a stiff-rump'd quaker. Now the ostentation of this doll of a mercer appeared in a different shape from any thing you can conceive; his

his hobby-horſe was to let the world ſee how many bank-notes paſſed through his and partner's hands; for which reaſon none ever left him without being indorſed; (that is a vile phraſe, though the people in the city are very fond of it; but if I loſe all their cuſtom, I never will uſe it again, upon any account whatever.)

The moment I came into the hands of this piece of clockwork, I was conveyed to the deſk, and underwent the operation, the firm of the partnerſhip being marked on my back; as I did not like his phiz, I was glad when he put me into the drawer amongſt ſeveral others that, like rogues, had been branded as well as myſelf. I had not been there

above

above two hours, in which time I juſt made a ſhift to aſk my new acquaintance what o'clock it was; which, as we were all Engliſhmen, is as much as could be expected from ſo ſhort an acquaintance, when a lady came in, bought three gowns, and carried off me, and a companion of more value than myſelf, in change for a hundred pound bank bill. Surely, thinks I to myſelf, this cannot be a woman of quality, by her paying ready money; nor can it be a mantua-maker, for they ſeldom pay at all; and who the duce elſe can have occaſion for three ſuits at a time, I cannot conceive, but I ſhall ſee preſently; perhaps it may prove my lady mayoreſs, and then I ſhall get introduced into the manſion-houſe, where Wilkes and liberty dare

not

not come*: my curioſity was on the tenter-hooks, when the coach ſtopped at her door, and then I found it was the wife of *** the ſtock-broker. The honeſt man having confeſſed he had cleared above two thouſand pounds by the lye of the day, ſhe wheedled him out of a note for a hundred for her own uſe; and he could not have beſtowed it better, for ſhe is a comely agreeable dame, and always as neat as a new pin. I could have been very well contented to paſs the remainder of my days in the bottom of the ſmall end of her purſe; but I was born to wander, and there is no reſiſting one's deſtiny. After having attended her to Mr. ***, in ***-ſtreet, and ſeen her cheated

* This was in H——'s mayoralty.

out

out of ten guineas at loo, by the old lady's keeping pam in her lap; and two or three days after, out of fifteen at Mr. Molly ****'s, in ***-ſtreet, in the very ſame manner. I parted with her at Mr. N——'s, a jeweller and toyman, where ſhe bought a very pretty fancy-ring, and received five guineas change.

Mr. N—— paid me the next day, with two or three companions, to a diamond-merchant, for diamonds to make an egret for a good-natured young widow, who had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the ſon of a new-made man of quality; and he was meanly living upon her fortune, and ruining her reputation at the ſame time; but becauſe he was heir to a title, a crime that deſerves

the gallows, without benefit of the clergy, will be looked upon by his brother ſcoundrels of quality as a piece of genteel gallantry; and he be rather applauded than blamed, for leaving the poor young creature unpitied and unprotected, a prey to infamy and ruin.

Wert thou not, O worthy G——e, kept in the moſt profound ignorance that ſuch a race of noble vermin are about thee, thy good heart would ſoon glow with proper indignation; the ſpirit of thy grandfather would deſcend into thy great toe, and thou wouldſt kick them all to the d—l.

But to proceed:

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Deſcription of a patient Griſſel.

THIS diamond-merchant had a wife.

I am thinking it is very probable that ſome people, from my ſaying with an emphaſis that this diamond-merchant had a wife, may ſuppoſe that I meant to inſinuate that the man was not his own maſter; I therefore think it proper to inform them, that if they ſhould ſtumble on any ſuch ſtrange ſuppoſition, it is more than probable, they may have hit the nail on the head: but be the ſuppoſition true or falſe, true it is that the diamond-merchant knew to his

ſorrow that he had a wife, and he knew ſhe was not a ſilent one.

Ariſtotle, who by his profound judgment and deep ſagacity ſaw further into the mill-ſtone of learning than all his predeceſſors and cotemporaries put together ever could do, or all his ſucceſſors ever will do (I call it the mill-ſtone of learning, becauſe it grinds the brains of nineteen ſtudents out of twenty to mud,) is ſo clear in his Diſſertation on Eloquence, that I myſelf partly underſtood him, when I one morning heard a few pages of him read by a learned divine to a pupil of his: he divided rhetoric into three parts; the deliberative, the demonſtrative, and the judiciary; each of theſe he again ſplit into two; the firſt into exhortation

tion and dehortation; the ſecond into praiſe and diſpraiſe; and the laſt into accuſation and defence.

I ſoon found out, that by ſtudying this great philoſopher, the learned divine had improved ſo much, that he clearly conceived that virtue is not vice, that reſt is not motion, that noiſe is not ſilence, and that a red-herring is not an apple-dumpling. To be ſure, thinks I, to have the mind thus enlarged muſt be a great comfort to an honeſt Chriſtian; but ſince that, I could not avoid reflecting how much he would be mortified to find, after all his immenſe lucubrations, that our diamond-merchant, without having heard one word of Ariſtotle, knew as well as any philoſopher in the

world that his wife was not a ſilent woman.

Nothing can ſure be ſo great a diſcouragement to learning in general as to find a fellow with only ſimple nature to guide him, ſhall have the impudence to know the very ſame things, that learned men have ſtudied ſo many years to attain the knowledge of.

Now what would vex a ſtudent more than any thing elſe, would be to find that the diamond-merchant knew the extremes that Ariſtotle talks ſo learnedly about; and that his wife being the extreme to ſilence was abominably noiſy; but that he could not help, and whenever it rained, he was philoſopher enough to let it rain.

But

But if the reader has no objection we will return to his wife.

To her he carried me directly; he durſt do no other: here the grey mare was really and truly the better horſe.

I remember I was once in the poſſeſſion of a ſea-captain (as honeſt a fellow as ever ſtepp'd between ſtem and ſtern), that always uſed not only to kick his barber, but threaten him with a round dozen, if he did not every morning bring him a budget full of news along with his baſon and ſoap-ball.

Thus it fared with this diamond-merchant; the wife indeed did not kick him, becauſe her thick legs were not nimble enough for the taſk,

but ſhe often let him feel the rough ſide of her tongue, and frequently the griſtly part of her knuckles, if he did not bring not only a full and true account of his own tranſactions, but likewiſe thoſe of all his cuſtomers.

For what uſe, ſays ſhe, did Mr. N—— want thoſe diamonds?

Unluckily the poor culprit had forgot to aſk; he trembled, but not daring to own he had been ſo negligent, he coined a fib upon the ſpot.

Deary, ſays he, it's a ſecret, a very great ſecret deary; if it was known that Mr. N—— ſaid a word about it, he would loſe one of the greateſt cuſtomers he has, ſo inſiſted on my not ſpeaking a ſyllable to any mortal ſoul living;

living; he has not ſaid a word to his own wife about it.

More ſhame for him, a ſcandalous villain! and how dare you, ſirrah, repeat any thing after ſuch an abandoned wretch? Keep ſecrets from his wife, a villain! and what is worſe, own it! the gallows is too good by half for ſuch fellows: beſides, if you come to that, what is his wife when compared to your's; or how dare you mention ſuch a creature on the ſame day with me, ſirrah?

The good woman was right; they ought not to have been mentioned the ſame week together; for the jeweller's wife was as handſome as an angel, and this meek ſoul was the picture of the Red Lion in Gray's-inn-lane;

lane; but it is pity to interrupt her, ſo let her go on.

Tell me, ſays ſhe, this moment, who they are for? I will have no ſecrets kept from me I'll promiſe you: if there were no ſecrets, there would not be ſuch wicked doings in the world as there are. For my part, I never did keep a ſecret, nor never will: did I keep it a ſecret, that when I was a pretty, delicate, ſlim young creature of fifteen, my maſter ſet his ſtrength againſt me, and overcame me; but did not I get two hundred pounds for it, which ſet you up in the world; and did not he keep doing kind things for me daily, for above two years after we were married; you was the better for it, and could

could you ſay I was a pin the worſe, you nincompoop.

Whilſt this harangue laſted, I could perceive the poor man had by degrees crept backward, till he had got quite cloſe to the wainſcot, againſt which he was rubbing the back part of his fore-ſide very hard.

I hope it will not offend my readers, if I leave him rubbing there till the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Griſſel continued.

I Was ſenſible that there could be but two things in the world that this poor animal could rub his rump at that rate for, which was either to rub a hole in the wainſcot to eſcape through, or to rub up a lye to back his fib, and appeaſe his enraged wife.

I was not wrong in my conjecture; a lye he did rub up, and it proved a thunderer.

Deary, ſays he, I will tell you; but promiſe me to keep it a ſecret, or poor Mr. N—— will be ruined for ever.

At

At the repetition of the word ſecret, the good creature's noſe, which like the turkey-cock's ſnout contracted or dilated, as powerful paſſions worked, had at the beginning changed from a deep purple to a fiery red, that being the livery it always wore when ſhe was what herſelf thought moderately angry: but the man's aſſurance in repeating the word *ſecret* to her, worked what was only at firſt a ſheer fit of anger, into ſuch a pitch of fury, that ſome effluvias from the gall inſtantly aſcended, and mixing with the ſhining red, by degrees changed it to a dirty dingy purple and yellow, which pleaſing colour it retained all the time I ſtaid in her delightful company: this plainly ſhews, that when gall is once ſuffered

to

to mix with the paſſions, it is not eaſily routed out again.

Would but the amiable part of the fair ſex conſider, how paſſion can deform even deformity itſelf, they would ſooner turn a monkey looſe amongſt their china; nay, they would ſooner break their favourite flattering looking-glaſs, rather than ſuffer ſo dangerous a companion, to take poſſeſſion of the moſt diſtant out-work of their delicate fortifications.

I would have given my fair readers a long diſſertation on the bad effects of ſuffering anger to get the better of reaſon; but it is neceſſary to finiſh my relation of Mrs. Diamond-cut, whilſt ſhe and her noſe are in a proper cue for it.

When

When the gall had got ſo high as the handle of her face, you need not wonder if the tongue caught a little of it in its road.

Sirrah, ſays ſhe, ſhaking her crimſon fiſt, and looking as if ſhe could eat him without a grain of ſalt, how often muſt I tell you that I never did, nor ever will keep a ſecret; do you want to kill me with a fit of hyſtericks, you murdering villain?

No, indeed, and indeed, jewel, I would not kill you for ever ſo much: (thinks I, friend, that abominable lye came naturally, without rubbing for.)

The good woman and I happened to think at that moment alike; for ſhe anſwered directly in her delicate ſtyle,

ſtyle, I believe you lye, ſirrah, but I'll take care you ſha'nt; but why don't you tell me?

I will, I will, deary; pray be pacified, and I will.

Pacified, ſays ſhe; grant me patience! pacified, you villain! I ſee you have a mind to take my good name away, and tell the neighbours that I fly into paſſions with you; when, God's my judge, I only aſk a civil queſtion: pacified! can any poor woman ſpeak civiller to a man than I always do to you, you ungrateful rogue!

O, deary, ſays he, ſtanding as cloſe jammed to the wainſcot as if he was nailed to it, and thruſting as if he would

would be glad to carry not only himſelf but the ſide of the houſe out of her company, I never did ſpeak a word to my neighbours in my life, indeed, deary.

Did! ſays ſhe; no, I hope not; if you had, you muſt have been the moſt worthleſs, wicked, lying varlet living: I in a paſſion! I ſcorn your words, you paltry rogue; I am only too good a wife for ſuch a contradicting fellow.

To be ſure you are a very good wife, deary——

To be ſure! yes, and I ſay to be ſure; I do not want you to tell me what every body knows: but tell me what theſe diamonds are for, or I'll—

What ſhe was going to threaten, I do not know, but I found the huſband did; for though I thought him as cloſe to the wainſcot as mortal carcaſs could be rammed, yet at the dreadful word *I'll*, accompanied with a motion that he too well knew the meaning of, he ſhrunk from her till his back and breaſt-bone fairly met, and he appeared to me as flat as a panteen hung againſt the wall of a toy-ſhop.

Had ſhe gone on with her ſentence, I expect the whole body of the man would have ſhrunk through the wainſcot; but there ſhe ſtopped: her curioſity, I ſuppoſe, to hear what became of the diamonds made her ſtop a little ſhort, and not pronounce the dreadful ſentence that paſſion juſt then

then dictated; but a word to the wise is sufficient; and her husband being a very wise man, (as you'll all allow, because he could so well copy the great Socrates), quickly understood her.

CHAP. IX.

Griffel in continuation.

THE writers in all ages, from Moses down to John Bunyan, agree *nem. con.* that nothing is more dangerous than to pin a coward close up in a corner, because if you once force him to fight, he fights like a devil.

Mrs. Ruby-nose had a qualification so uncommon, that few people will believe me when I tell it; but true

it is, that ſhe had more foreſight in her anger than ſhe had in her cooler moments. When I explain how this happened, you will eaſily ſee I don't intend to impoſe on you. Madam Ruby-noſe's cool moments never exceeded thirty at a time; thirty moments amount, by Hadley's Tables, to exactly half a minute: but her warmer moments (if you pleaſe we will call them hot ones, for the word *warm* is rather too cool for them) always laſted three thouſand ſix hundred moments; which, by the aforeſaid Tables, you will find to be juſt an hour; you therefore will no longer wonder if in twelve hours anger ſhe ſtumbled on more foreſight than in ſix minutes coolneſs; though ſhe was not much over-ſtocked with foreſight, either in her hot or cold fits.

If

If any gentleman ſhould find himſelf inclined to aſk, why I make my calculations for exactly twelve hours in the four and twenty, I ſhall, in anſwer to what he is going to ſay, inform him, that ſhe always ſlept exactly twelve out of the aforeſaid number; though on ſecond thoughts I might as well have added the ſleeping hours to the hot fits, becauſe the poor devil confeſſed one day to an intimate friend, that he might as well lay beſide a red-hot poker as his wife.

Agreeable to the text about Mrs. Ruby-noſe's foreſight, I ſhall proceed to the application: angry as ſhe was, (and with very great reaſon my fair readers will all allow) ſhe ſoon perceived ſhe had driven the culprit

as cloſe to the wainſcot as if he had been rammed there with a paviour's ſtamper: conſcious therefore, as the man could not ſqueeze a hair's-breadth more backward, if ſhe advanced, deſpair might force him to make ſome manœuvre or other, which he never elſe would have thought on, ſhe therefore reſolved to diſmiſs her anger: ſhe knew it would not ſtay long away, which made her ſo ready to part with it; but to accompliſh that great end, ſhe was always forced to make uſe of a particular expedient.

I ſee by your countenance, my fair reader, that you are impatient to know what expedient it was that this miracle of patience was obliged to make uſe of: I will tell it you; but

God

God forbid (as the biſhop ſaid when he was told he ſhould ſup in Heaven that night) that ſuch a ſweet creature as you ſhould ever have occaſion to try the experiment

The method that Mrs. Ruby-noſe uſed to diſmiſs her anger, was to clap herſelf into an arm-chair with ſuch a whang, that it ſhook the hot vapours from her brain, and ſent them in a hurry down into a capacious ſtore-room called her victualling-office.

Whilſt they were ſtewing there, in order to ſerve up a freſh diſh upon occaſion, ſhe in a gentle tone (which came as aukwardly from her as truth from an attorney) ſays, Come Neddy,

jewel, don't be a fool, but tell me what uſe the diamonds were for.

Have you never ſeen little Miſs confined in a corner for being a naughty girl, with what pleaſure ſhe advances, when mamma ſays, you may come out now, my dear? In that very attitude did Neddy come ſimpering out of the wainſcot; I ſay out of the wainſcot, for to this day I cannot perſuade myſelf but his body was above half way through it.

Have patience, my dear reader, till the next chapter, and you ſhall hear what Neddy ſaid to his wife.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Griſſel's patience ſtretched till it ſnap'd.

DEARY, ſays Neddy, (finding there was no time for circumlocution) Mr. N—— is making two fine diamond ſtars, for lady B—'s coach-horſes.

By this time the choleric vapours, which madam had jogged downwards when ſhe let her broad bottom ſalute the chair with ſuch a whack, growing warm amongſt the hodgpotch they found in her ſtore-room, which we may properly ſtile a hothouſe, began to aſcend, and take poſſeſſion of their former tenement; this tenement was a cavity on the right

right ſide of the head, intended to be filled with brains as well as the left; but nature was either in haſte when ſhe finiſhed off this precious piece of earthen ware; or thought that one ſide held a ſufficient quantity for any uſe ſhe could put them to, and therefore left the right ſide quite empty; which accounts for madam's having more choler than her judgment could guide.

Theſe vapours, I ſay, having aſcended again, and taken poſſeſſion of their ancient poſt, madam inſtantly reſumed her old ſtile:—diamond ſtars for coach-horſes! mighty fine indeed! and you expect ſuch a thing as this ſhould be kept a ſecret, do you? ye oaf, ye dundernolt, ye loggerheaded puppy, you aſs! but the whole nation ſhall know of it, that

they

they ſhall, and ſee how the nation's money goes; no wonder taxes are ſo high, if coach-horſes muſt wear diamonds: poor induſtrious people cannot purchaſe an eſtate of two or three hundred a year, but it muſt be taxed to buy diamonds for coach-horſes!

But, deary, ſays he, if all their coach-horſes, and poſtilions into the bargain, wear diamonds, would it not make our trade briſker?

Fiddle faddle, ſays ſhe, do not talk to me of your calculations and complications, I know what I ſay: don't you pretend to teach a parliament-man how to take a bribe; I ſay I am always right, and you know it.

Yes,

Yes, deary, ſays he.

Yes, deary! ſays ſhe; then why do you contradict me? you know it throws me into a fluſtration to be contradicted, and you are ſuch a barbarous wretch, you do it on purpoſe.

Indeed, deary, ſays he, I never contradict you.

Grant me patience! ſays madam, would the man make a liar of me?

Unluckily her cool half-minute had brought him within arm's-length of this juſtly-incenſed paragon of a wife, which he ſoon felt to his coſt; for the moment ſhe had prayed for patience, with a ſide-wipe of her left fiſt ſhe ſent him reeling from the middle

middle of the room plump againſt the wainſcot: luckily at that inſtant a cuſtomer of conſequence knocked at the door with a rat-ta-ta-tan; away ſprung Hen-peck to open it, whilſt his poor, meek, provok'd lamb compoſed herſelf enough to lock me and my companions up in her bureau, where I continued three long days; during which time I can ſafely make affidavit before my lord-mayor, Alderman W——, or Alderman H——. or any whig or tory juſtice in Chriſtendom, that this patient Griſſel's tongue never lay ſtill for a full half-minute, except when ſhe was aſleep, and then her noſe effectually ſupplied its place, for ſhe ſnored as loud as a common trumpet.

Cicero

Cicero in ſome of his orations ſays, that cuſtom can reconcile people to moſt amazing ſtrange things in this life; but I could not conceive any thing of the race of Adam could poſſibly bear ſuch a life as this diamond-merchant led. Thieves get inured to dungeons, and galley-ſlaves to chains; nay, the ſlaves in gallies are reconciled ſo far to their fate, that were their chains long enough, they would not throw themſelves over-board and drown; but change places with the moſt wretched of all the wretches amongſt them and this diamond-merchant, and if he doth not hang himſelf in leſs than a week, I'll be content to be ſet on fire to light a Dutchman's pipe with.

I have

I have heard people with very wiſe phizes ſay, that extremes never laſt long; were they acquainted with this precious help-mate of the diamond-merchant's, they would never ſay ſo again: her tongue had laſted in full vigour for twenty years, and likely to continue ſo twenty years longer; but that's nothing to me, the diamond-merchant has had, and ſtill continues to enjoy the comfort of it. On the fourth morning I was happily delivered: a banker's bill-man called with a foreign draft; madam, by way of whet in a morning, was exerciſing her tongue upon the baker's man, for bringing a new loaf inſtead of a ſtale one, when ſhe was forced to break off, in order to fetch me and two more brethren, to diſcharge the draft: with a great deal

of

of pleaſure I quitted her fair crimſon fiſt, and walked into the bill-man's long pocket-book. During this tranſaction the baker's man had ſneaked off; but the huſband juſt then coming in, got the remainder of the lecture deſigned for the loaf-maker. God help that poor man, ſays I to myſelf as I went out of the door, for before I had gotten half-way out of the paſſage, ſhe was at him tooth and nail.

My good wiſhes were all I had to beſtow on this poor miſerable object; and if he and ſhe are ſtill alive, he has them yet.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Crab-tree preferred to oak.

METHINKS as I begin this chapter, I hear a female voice cry, Sir!

To which I anſwer, Your commands, madam?

Since you pretend to pity this poor man ſo much, pray what reaſon had you for appealing to us, whether he did not deſerve all he got: we do not ſee that he did deſerve it.

But I do, madam; and ſhall inform you directly; becauſe I do not ap-

prove of keeping your ſex in ſuſpence, it ſhakes even a delicate mild conſtitution, although their good ſenſe conceals it: but in a virago, as witneſs madam Ruby-noſe, it raiſes tempeſts, ſtorms, and earthquakes.

The reaſon why I thought the ladies would own he deſerved all he got, was I think, a ſubſtantial one, and which I expected their penetration would have diſcovered directly.

——But I find I muſt tell it——

He was ſo covetous, that he never would purchaſe a crab-tree ſwitch.

For Heaven's ſake how could you imagine ſuch a reaſon ſhould enter into the breaſt of any woman living?

Of

Of what uſe could a crab-tree ſwitch be to the poor man?

Of the greateſt uſe in the world, madam, as you would have known by this time if you had not interrupted me; but if your ladyſhip will bind your tongue to its good behaviour for two minutes, you ſhall know all.

I am ſenſible that ſeveral eminent authors have ſpoken very learnedly in favour of the wood that ſuited their own fancy beſt; ſome have expatiated on the virtues of an oak twig; ſome think a fine hazle ſwitch applies itſelf to the feelings of a patient with a ſmartneſs peculiar to itſelf; ſome commend a ſupple-jack extremely; and indeed I am inclined

to give the ſecond place to it, becauſe its arguments are pliable, and of conſequence lie cloſe to the ſubject; ſome I know have talked of the rattan, but that's ſo frothy an affair, its arguments ſeldom make any impreſſion: for my part, give me a ſwitch of the true Engliſh crab-tree.

For what, ſir?

For what, madam! why, to argue with ſuch a lady as madam Rubynoſe, when ſtrong paſſion ſhuts the ears to all the reaſons a patient man can utter; and with an inundation of unmeaning words, mixed with choler, froth, effluvias of dirty ſtumps and ſpittle, overwhelms, ſinks, and drowns all his reaſons before they have travelled an inch from his paliſadoes

liſadoes of teeth, through which they are obliged to paſs in their journey from the brain of the ſpeaker to the ears of the hearer; then, and only then, the virtues of a crab-tree ſwitch diſplay themſelves in all their luſtre; and provided they are adminiſtered by a knowing phyſician, the eſſence of the ſmall knobs, which nature has purpoſely placed about ſix inches from each other, operates ſo powerfully, that the phyſician at firſt has now and then occaſion to guard his eyes and face from the patient's nails. If he there acquits himſelf with a good grace, and proceeds in his operation with firmneſs and reſolution, there ſeldom is occaſion for another doſe; for the very ſmell of the crab-tree, on the ſecond fit, commonly compoſes the patient, unleſs

it prove a very turbulent one indeed, and then perhaps two or three good doſes are neceſſary, but never fail at laſt to make a complete cure.

Therefore the crab-tree ſwitch for my money; and if this poor man had not been too covetous to buy one, he might have been leſs miſerable, though perhaps not quite happy, becauſe thoſe ſubjects with whom gentle doſes of reaſon, unmixed with the leaſt particle of crab-juice, will not prevail, were never deſigned by nature to taſte the real happineſs of a married ſtate.

Go, ſays my pretty female reader, you begin to grow a naughty man, and I ſhall hate you.

I hope,

I hope, my fair pratler, ſays I, you will never feel that paſſion for any man, becauſe no man can ever feel it for you.

CHAP. XII.

Apothecaries not the only poiſon-venders.

IN my laſt chapter you left me travelling in the bill-man's long pocket-book half the town over; and many a weary ſtep we took, into ſuch alleys, paſſages, lanes, and places of four yards ſquare, called courts, as no mortal can conceive that has not ſeen them; yet in every one of thoſe ſpots did we find a man with a moth-eaten thrum-cap on, or a wig with not a crooked hair in it, waiting for his bill with the caſh ready, either wrapped up in a

piece of brown paper, or in a purſe made of an old ſtocking top, tied at one end: the only two bills we carried back were preſented at fine houſes, where laced footmen opened the door; at one we received for anſwer, that the gentleman would call and pay it; and at the other, that his maſter was gone out of town for a month: upon which the bill-man, having finiſhed his round, tramped home to deliver up his collection, and get his dinner.

At the banker's I heard ſeveral curious dialogues about ſtocks, lottery-tickets, government-contracts, and continuation-money; all which I bottled up in my memory, to make uſe of as occaſion offers. In about a fortnight's time I was paid to a gentleman

tleman that was going down to Bath; he uſed to keep caſh at this banker's when he had any; but that was not the caſe at preſent. No, ſay you? how happened it then that the banker paid you away to him? I'll tell you how, if you will have a little patience:—the gentleman the day before had begged the banker would let his plate lay in one of his cheſts, leſt his own houſe ſhould be robbed in his abſence: now the gentleman being ſo genteel as to truſt the banker with a thouſand ounces of plate, the banker could not do leſs than return the compliment by truſting the gentleman with a brace of hundreds; the plate ſaved the trouble of land-ſecurity. I was in hopes of having a journey to Bath, but I was bit; for I was obliged to be changed at Marl-

borough,

borough, from whence I came up by the poſt to a wine-merchant in the city: he had no ſooner read the letter wherein I was incloſed, but he diſpatched a meſſenger for his cooper. Stephen, ſays he, here's a complaint; the laſt three pipes had too much of the ſloe-juice in them; we muſt allow the next a little more genuine wine; it won't be amiſs to add five gallons a pipe at leaſt. I told, you, ſays the cooper, that ten gallons of real port to a pipe is too little now, as people's taſte is of late ſo much improved; but fifteen gallons will be enough to make it fit for a duke's palate, provided the cyder be good, and we have a very fine ſtock at preſent. Very well, ſays old Mixham, let him have 'em ſo for the future, I hate complaints; though I fear they

will

will be ſo good, that maſter Score-well, the vintner, will be tempted to have a daſh at them himſelf, and that will ſpoil all; but let him look to that; if he meddles, he cannot have the face to complain. That he can't, maſter, ſays the cooper, with an air of conſequence, and walked off into his brewery. Brewery! where is that, ſays a grave reader? A wine-cooper's brewery is the wine-cellar, friend: if you did not know it before, you know it now.

In a day or two, the brewer of genuine port paid me to a raiſin wine-merchant. As I lay on the table, whilſt a receipt was writing, I heard him ſay to the raiſin-brewer, That laſt parcel of your's had ſuch a confounded twang, I could neither

make

make plain Liſbon of it, nor even Calcavalla; I was forced at laſt to bury it in ſtrong mountains; that hog-ſkin flavour of mountains will diſguiſe the devil. The raiſin wine-merchant promiſed to take better care for the future, and gave him a bowl of punch to make him amends. You wonder at wine-merchants drinking punch; but be it known to you, it is a rule with them all; for, like apothecaries, they ken the virtues of their own mixtures too well to touch them: the brandy-merchant, for the ſame reaſon, ſeldom out of choice drinks punch: but though we do not care to poiſon ourſelves, yet we patiently ſubmit to be poiſoned by each other. Obſerve but the very bakers, they never eat the bread they ſell to their cuſtomers: thus the world goes

goes round; the baker poiſons the wine-brewer, beer-brewer, and vinegar-brewer, &c. the beer-brewer, vinegar-brewer, and wine-brewer, aided by that never-failing jalap-brewer the apothecary, all perform their parts to pay the baker in his own coin: Providence, leſt the earth ſhould be over-ſtocked, and of conſequence a general famine enſue, gave claws and teeth to wild beaſts, not only to deſtroy harmleſs animals for food, but every now and then to demoliſh each other; man is furniſhed with the knowledge of daggers and poiſons, and roguery enough to make uſe of both for gain.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Adam's hobby-horſe of a different colour from Eve's.

HUGO GROTIUS, in his Treatiſe de Jure Belli ac Pacis ſays,—hold, I believe I am wrong, it could not be Hugo Grotius, he was too grave a writer for ſuch an expreſſion; and yet if it was not him, it muſt be ſomebody elſe, for I could never invent it myſelf; however, whether it was him or Puffendorf, or Heliodorus, or Theocritus, or Homer, or Virgil, or Horace, or Ovid, or Claudian, or Lucretius, or Taſſo, or Spinone Speroni, or Demoſthenes, or Juvenal, or Catullus, or Ariſtotle,

or

or Quintilian, or Petronius, or Longinus, or Democritus, or Pythagoras, or Heraclitus, or Plato, or Epicurus, or Panætius, or Polybius, or Thomas Aquinas, or one of the ten thouſand more, whoſe names I cannot recollect, (though I have carefully peruſed them all) I cannot poſitively aſſert; but let it be which of them it will, I know he ſays, that Noah, when he preſerved a pair of all kinds of animals, took particular care to ſhip a pair of hobby-horſes on board his ſwimming houſe: in what ſhape they entered, or in what ſhape they came out, this learned man (I wiſh I could recollect his name) did not pretend to determine: all his deſign was to prove that there were hobby-horſes before the flood as well as after; and that Adam found

found one ready made to his hands amongſt the other beaſts of the field; and that the number increaſed in proportion to the race of mankind is evident, for every man and every woman, from the rebellious times of Adam, to the peaceable days of John W——s, have been in poſſeſſion of a hobby-horſe of their own: people indeed ride them in different ſhapes, which makes a great difference in the expence, both of their keeping and accoutring; but every ſenſible man (and I chuſe to deal with none elſe) both muſt and will own, that a hobby-horſe is a hobby-horſe, let him be ridden in whatever ſhape the rider pleaſes: therefore, to ſhorten my ſtory, which is you know the way to avoid being prolix, I ſhall go no further back than Adam. All the

world

world I believe will readily own, that Adam had Eve for his hobby-horſe, and Eve had—not Adam; women did not pretend to ride their huſbands till long after the flood; the antidiluvians were kept in better decorum; but Eve for her hobby had a fine, mottled, wriggling ſerpent, with a flaming creſt; and the devil of a hobby he proved, for he had like to have galloped headlong with her to old Nick.

If you conſider it rightly, you muſt own with me that it was a glorious plot of Mr. Lucifer's; our bungling ſtateſmen, though they are his match in wickedneſs, could never hold a candle to him in clean-laid ſchemes: ſome ſhort-ſighted mortals, fellows fit to make Engliſh miniſters of,

might think the devil only deſigned to carry off poor Eve; but a Frenchman would ſee much further into the mill-ſtone, and clearly perceive, that as ſhe was Adam's hobby, the devil need only take matters in the nick, and carry both off at once, with the ſame eaſe as one; for my nurſe told me, that the devil can can carry a church as eaſily as a houſe; and to the great ſorrow of all their children and grand-children——— the old boy really ſucceeded in half his ſcheme; and though he could not reach to the end of his journey, I mean his own habitation, with his load, yet he galloped over the privy-garden wall with them both, and dropped them in a place ſo full of briars and thorns, that all their poſterity have never been able to root them

them up. Yet although hobby-horſes are ſuch dangerous things, there never exiſted a ſon or daughter of Eve that would live without one. I am aware that ſome wits have pretended to prove that what Moſes in his allegorical way called a ſerpent, was only the ſpirit of contradiction; which ſpirit, they ſay, would have been well received by woman, had it taken the ſhape of Lucifer himſelf, juſt as he was ſhaking his ears after coming out of Milton's hot-bath, into which St. Michael had deſervedly kicked him for rebellion; there is a curious print of him in one of the editions of Milton, that ſhews what an admirable figure he cut; but for the benefit of thoſe readers that never ſaw the print, I ſhall only ſay he looked exactly like a ragged Welch-

man without a hat, travelling over Penmainmawr in a ſtorm.

So much for picture-drawing.

I ſhall now, in juſtice to myſelf, aſſure my fair readers, that ſo far from agreeing with the witty gentlemen I have mentioned, I declare myſelf of a contrary opinion, and ſhould never have mentioned their ill-natured remarks, if the paragraph could have been complete without them.

The true reaſon of my beginning this chapter was only to introduce into your acquaintance a harmleſs hobby that fell under my own obſervation, and convinced me, that let a man of the greateſt ſenſe ride his hobby ever ſo aukwardly, it is

not

not in the power of his beſt friends to perſuade him to diſmount: nay, ſhould his palfry throw him in the dirt, in ſight of fifty witneſſes, and ſouſe him from head to foot in mud, yet will he gravely get up, and affirm that he either has not been down at all, or diſmounted on purpoſe to cool himſelf in the mire; but, as our reverend as well as irreverend preachers ſay, to proceed;

I was paid by the tythe-farmer into the hands of a worthy clergy-man in a certain city, where there is a very fine cathedral; how I came there, whether by land or water, I ſhall not tell, becauſe if nothing occurred in my paſſage worth relating, whatever I ſay will be only for the benefit of people diſpoſed to take a nap;

and I rather chooſe to keep you awake, elſe you will never get to the end of my book.—Let pious divines make compoſing ſermons, (as Dr. Laſt calls them) and do more good in half an hour than the whole college with all their ſoporifics can in half a year. I am unequal to the laborious taſk, and ſhould cut as poor a figure in a ſermon, as **** does in the ſenate.

But although I do not pretend to learning enough to make a ſermon, yet I have vanity enough to think my writings have a grain or two of the Attic ſalt in them: the ſong talks much of Attic fire, but ſalt is the thing for my money: ſalt remains after fire is extinguiſhed; if a fire burns ever ſo long, it muſt go out

at

at laſt, unleſs it be the fire everlaſting, and there bookſellers and printers, with all their waſte paper about them, muſt make excellent fewel; but all the fires that I ever ſaw, when their fuel was conſumed, went out; and then pray what remained but aſhes? and what are aſhes but ſalt? therefore the Attic ſalt for my money: and be aſſured, O reader, if you cloſely attend to my labours, they will ſeaſon your brains, (provided you have any) and keep them from growing addle: and for want of ſuch helps, you ſee how many addle-brained fellows are every day running about the ſtreets.

Methinks I hear the very learned and very unaccountable doctor **** mounted on his dogmatical hobby-

horſe ſay, I wiſh, friend, you would return to your parſon; you ſeem to have left him very abruptly. By your leave, ſays I, not ſo abruptly as you may think, good doctor: I left him with a freſh pint of ale before him, and his pipe juſt filled; and till they are out, he'll ſit very patiently; but to avoid any of your knock-down arguments, ſuch as, Sir, you are an aſs; or, Sir, you are a very ignorant fellow, I'll return, and find out my manufacturer of divinity.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Meekneſs expected in a parſon, though not in his wife.

I Lay in this honeſt churchman's pocket for near a fortnight, without his once remembering I was there; and ſhould have gone with his breeches to the taylor, for they began to want mending, had not his lady come up into his ſtudy one morning, and with a tone ſhriller than a hand-bell, told him, ſhe wanted money for marketings and other things: now whenever ſhe came, his reflection, his preſence of mind, and his ſenſesof allkinds, flew to his aid in an inſtant, to help him

to

to get quit of her as faſt as poſſible. He remembered me the moment he ſaw her phiz, and pulling me out, without minding whether I came head and ſhoulders, or heels foremoſt, delivered me over to his bell-metal-ton'd help-mate with as much agility as a banker's clerk counts guineas; then ſending a fine cloud of ſmoke full in her face, becauſe he knew ſhe hated tobacco, ſent her down ſtairs in as great a hurry as ſhe came up; but the ſtory I have to tell of him happened the week before I parted from him in the abrupt manner I have juſt told you.

I wiſh this fellow's ſtory may anſwer expectation, ſays my lady Frizlerump, he is ſo long about it. I wiſh

it

it may, my lady, with all my heart; but I rather deſpair, for no man ever anſwered your expectations yet.

I told you before, that there was a cathedral in this city, and it is proper you now ſhould underſtand that this ſtick of divinity was one of the gang of black-coats belonging to it: *gang!* that is a vile epithet for churchmen; but (as ſir Archey ſays) it is varee deeſcreepteeve, ſo we'll e'en let it paſs. Now the clergy belonging to theſe cathedrals, I am told, are divided into different bodies, each commanded by their own general or colonel, the biſhop commanding one brigade, the dean and chapter another, and the vicar's choral another, and ſo on. It happened a very ancient chapel belonging to one

of

of theſe bodies was repairing, in digging towards the foundation on the inſide, a workman perceived a hole in the wall; upon which he cleared away the earth, and, by the help of a candle, eſpied what he ignorantly called a pot. My parſon being commander of the order, was then in the chapel; to him the fellow bawled out, Sir, Sir, here is a pot in a hole of the wall! A pot! fellow? ſays the preſident, the Romans had no pots, and this chapel was built by the emperor Severus, and by him dedicated to the Goddeſs of Wiſdom; it therefore muſt be an urn thou art debaſing with the name of pot; then ſnatching the candle, he kneels down to take a view; and riſing up with an air of great content, exclaims, by my veracity an urn! run, fellow,

adds

adds he, and acquaint the reverend Mr. A, Mr. B, Mr. C, and Mr. D, I beg they will attend me here inſtantly, about buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence; for obſerve me, fellow, this urn may be full of gold coins, and therefore ſhall not be touched but in the preſence of the whole body: upon this, the workman flew like lightning to deliver his meſſage: the brethren were with him in a trice, and found the ſuperior, with an air of ſatisfaction in his looks, watching the hole with as much attention as a cat watches a mouſe, leſt the urn ſhould give him the ſlip, when he thus began:—Gentlemen, here is a moſt valuable diſcovery made; it is an urn concealed in a hollow part of the foundation of this ancient chapel; the contents I forbore

ex-

examining till we were all got together; for whether it contains gold or ſilver or copper coins, or the aſhes of ſome eminent commander, every way it is a moſt valuable acquiſition. Fellow, reach it up: hold, I will do it myſelf; too much care and circumſpection cannot be uſed in affairs of ſuch conſequence; a man may live a full century, and not meet with ſuch another opportunity of improving his knowledge in antiquity; then kneeling down among the dirt and rubbiſh, he lugs up the urn, and placing it carefully on the workmen's bench, he thus proceeds: "By the weight of this urn, I am in great hopes it contains ſome very valuable coins; but excluſive of that, here is a diſcovery of ſingular uſe; you may obſerve by this, my btethren, that it never

ver can be again diſputed, but the Romans underſtood the art of glazing, not only as well, but much better than the moderns:" then rubbing with the tail of his gown, the mouldy dirt from the top, he perceived it covered with a bladder, tied down with a ſmall thong of buck-ſkin: he adds, "By this, gentlemen it plainly appears the Roman made uſe of bladders, and knew how to dreſs the buck-ſkin to perfection; then taking off the bladder, and putting in his hand, he inſtantly took it out again, and ſhaking his fingers as if ſomething had bit him, ſays, "I profeſs it contains a liquid, but the coldeſt I ever felt; upon which a junior, whoſe fingers were not quite ſo tender, whips in his hand, and draws out a very fine cucumber: the ſuperior,

ſtill

ſtill anxious to prove his beloved ancients much cleverer fellows at all weapons than the moderns, eagerly ſnatches the cucumber, and holding it up, in an exulting tone cries, "Can any of you gentlemen find me an houſewife in theſe days that can pickle a cucumber to keep even two years in ſuch perfection as this; which, though ſo freſh and green, cannot have lain in this place leſs than two thouſand two hundred years. This clearly demonſtrates, that the Romans could pickle cucumbers to a thouſand times the perfection we can; and now gentlemen, as this is no proper place to leave ſo valuable a piece of antiquity in; I propoſe its being depoſited in the common cheſt under our joint locks, till on mature deliberation we come to a reſolution whether

ther to keep it in our own poſſeſſion, or make a preſent of it to the Royal Society, or add it to Sir Hans Sloan's collection. Run, fellow, to my houſe for a baſket and ſome ſtraw; I dare not truſt it without a baſket, leſt ſome accident happen to it.

The man performed his errand, and ſoon brought the baſket and ſtraw, packed the Roman urn ſafe up, and hung it on his arm, whilſt the clergy were putting themſelves in rank and file to follow, and guard this ineſtimable treaſure: but this chapter is too full already to cram the proceſſion in; I muſt therefore refer it to the next.

CHAP. XV.

A ſad tumble from a hobby-horſe.

I Left the clergy ready drawn up to follow and guard this moſt valuable piece of antiquity; the ſuperiour in front, within two foot of the baſket, watching with both eyes for fear it ſhould ſlip through the bottom, and juſt going to give the ſignal to march, when a ſhirll voice was heard out of the hole, which very diſtinctly pronounced the following words, " Plague on you all! you have broken us a pot of walnuts, tumbled down two pots of pickled cabbage, and to make amends, you have ſtole a pot of girkins; is this your preaching and praying, and be-

hang'd

hang'd to ye! Now the word *pot* was never repeated, but our antiquarian was obſerved to ſhrink, though the ſpeech was not intended for him in particular: but it is proper my reader ſhould know how the matter ſtood. —The owner of the houſe adjoining this antient temple or chapel, from which ſome popiſh biſhop drove the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, (and for which I wiſh he had been hanged, becauſe ſhe was ſo much affronted that ſhe never made her appearance amongſt us ſince) being ſtraitened for cellar-room, had ſtole a cupboard out of the chapel-wall, in which they locked up their pickles; the maid going down for ſome walnuts, (by which you may ſuppoſe if you pleaſe they had roaſt mutton for dinner) was amazed at finding a hole open into

the chapel, and her pots tumbled about; however had preſence of mind enough to liſten to the doctor's ſpeech, which ſhe could make nothing of, till ſhe ſaw them prepared to move off with her pot of girkins, and then indeed her patience could hold out no longer; ſo ſhe ſaluted their ears with the ſhort ſpeech I have mentioned. The juniors, who had not ſeen ſuch marks of antiquity in the urn as their ſuperior, no ſooner heard the ſentence finiſhed, but one and all tucked up their robes, and moved off in a wonderful hurry; the workman fell to handling his tools, to hinder the doctor from ſeeing his teeth, which his lips were no longer able to cover; but honeſt Antiquity himſelf, not at all diſcompoſed, ordered the pickle-pot to be returned, ſaying, "Woman,

"Woman, there is your vaſe, and as for the walnuts and pickled cabbage, take the loſs to yourſelves, for preſuming to make a pantry in a conſecrated wall:" then turning about, walked home as compoſedly as if nothing had happened. Now this gentleman, though a man of excellent ſenſe, and allowed by all to be the beſt preacher in that part of the country, was ſo far from thinking his hobby had thrown him, that he would have fallen out with the beſt friend he had in the world, if he thought this favourite nagg of his was capable of either tripping or ſtumbling.

CHAP. XVI.

The contraſt.

I Have told you before, that about a week after the adventure of the cucumbers, I was delivered over to this reverend antiquarian's ſhrill-tongued lady, in whoſe hands though I ſtaid but an hour, yet I never quite recovered my hearing ſince; and to this day the tone of her voice keeps ringing in my right ear: had ſhe left the leaſt ſpace between her words, as every body elſe that I ever heard always do, the ear might have caught a little relief; but her words came rumbling one over the back of another, like bricks out of a cart,

and laſted to the end of the ſentence, which was ſeldom leſs than an hour long. This convinced me to my coſt, that the parſon did not throw the cloud of ſmoke in her face for nothing; and I begin to think now, that this honeſt limb of the church does not ſmoke ſo much for pleaſure as to preſerve his hearing.

Happily, whilſt part of my hearing was left, madam delivered me to her butcher; he paid me to a farmer; the farmer to his landlord, a married gentleman, who brought me up to town, and preſented me, for value received, to a young lady, an attendant on 'ſquire Bull's wife. The country-people nick-named theſe attendants maids of honeſty: whether they deſerved the name or not, is nothing to

me or my reader. This 'ſquire Bull is a man of a very large eſtate; of conſequence, his tenants innumerable; but they are a ſet of the moſt noiſy, fractious, jangling, jarring raſcals on this ſide the line. The 'ſquire himſelf is as honeſt a fellow as ever broke bread, and would not with his own good-will have one of the pooreſt of his tenants go to bed with an empty belly; but one man can do no more than one man can; and he is continually plagued with his upper and under ſtewards and ſervants, ſquabbling about who ſhall be the head man, and command the reſt; for the 'ſquire muſt have ſomebody to do his buſineſs you know, he cannot black his own ſhoes himſelf; and as the people are not of his own making, he is forced to take his chance whether

ther thoſe he chuſes prove honeſt men or rogues: the odds are much againſt him to be ſure on the rogues' ſide, becauſe five times out of ſix take twenty of them and ſhake them all together in a bag, and a full ſcore will tumble out rogues. He has tried all the methods that mortal man can think on—not to make them honeſt, —he knows that is impoſſible: all he endeavours now is——to make them quiet: he has changed them, and changed them, and changed them again, and yet the devil a barrel the better herring turns up; for my part, I believe they have tired his patience ſo much, that was he not certain they would go to loggerheads if he did not now and then make third man amongſt them, he would e'en let them ſquabble their guts out, and

enjoy

enjoy himſelf quietly at home with his own wife and family. And there the 'ſquire, to make amends for his other plagues, is completely happy, Providence having bleſt him with a wife indeed. I cannot ſpeak of Mrs. Bull without rapture; when you firſt approach her, you ſee an amiable creature, with greatneſs and goodneſs equally blended in her aſpect; but when you come to converſe with her, you find ſo much ſenſibility, mixed with the moſt delicate attention to pleaſe, that ſhe riſes from a woman to an angel; and what at firſt only ſeemed to claim your admiration, forces your adoration. With ſuch a companion as this, you need not wonder that the 'ſquire is very fond of home, and ſeldom ſtirs, but to take an airing with this delightful

woman

woman and ſome of his children (for a charming little flock he has) unleſs when he is obliged to attend the ſquabbles of his grumbletonian tenants; and when that is over, no man hies home faſter, or enjoys himſelf more when he is there, than the 'ſquire.

It happened one day, as I lay in the pocket of this maid of honeſty, who, I had reaſon to know, was as much a maid as my lord-mayor's grandmother, ſhe was then in waiting (as they call it) on this charming miſtreſs of hers; the 'ſquire and lady and children, and this maid and another, were enjoying themſelves with as much comfort as if they had been a private family, when in comes one of the better ſervants with a paper,

which

which he called a houſhold petition. To underſtand the purport of this curious petition, you are firſt to know that the ſteward of the 'ſquire's pantry, a ſwinging fat fellow, nicknamed my Lord Great-dog, had undertaken to ſave the 'ſquire a great deal of money, by turning off his cooks, and letting his kitchen for a flax ſhop, it being a ſafe place for that commodity, as there would never be occaſion for any more fires there; this was likewiſe to cure a ſmoky chimney, with which that kitchen was plagued; and an expenſive chimney it was, it often making them cook twice the quantity of victuals they need have done, becauſe one half got ſo often ſpoiled, by the ſoot driving down along with the ſmoke; this cure my Lord Great-

dog

dog effected by taking away the fire, and has ever ſince been called the chimney-doctor; however, my lord eaſily perſuaded the 'ſquire that it was much cheaper to buy his mutton-pies at the paſtry-cook's, and have his ſir-loins of beef, with potatoes under them, baked at the common oven: the 'ſquire, who knew as much of cookery as I do of algebra, readily conſented: on which my lord Great-dog, greatly elated with the ſucceſs of his deep-ſchemed reformation, which he had calculated would ſave immenſe ſums in turneps, and carrots, and pot-herbs, and parſneps, and onions, could not reſiſt a ſtrong deſire of ſhewing himſelf a faithful ſervant in every branch where the belly is concerned, and willing to take all opportunities of ſaving a penny for

his

his maſter; I applaud myſelf for the juſtneſs of the expreſſion, ſaving a penny, for it was little more than a penny matter to the 'ſquire; but it ſhewed my lord was alert in his buſineſs, and remembered the old proverb, a penny ſaved is a penny got.

Now you muſt underſtand this 'ſquire Bull, for parade, had a ſet of fellows in his court-yard, ſomething reſembling beef-eaters, or life-guard men, over which a notable fellow, nick-named Sir Paul, was captain. As this captain was obliged to be upon duty pretty early in a morning, the 'ſquire allowed him tea and hot rolls and butter for breakfaſt: now ſome hungry fellow before ſir Paul's time had been able to eat three or four hot rolls, and ſir Paul, though he had

had not quite ſo keen a ſtomach, kept up the number; by which means he had an opportunity of regaling a friend now and then with a breakfaſt; and when that did not happen, what he could not eat he pocketed. My lord Great-dog had ſome-how or other got a ſcent of theſe hot rolls, and calculated that one hot roll was ſufficient for any moderate man; on which he declared he would allow no more, adding, that his ſmall ſalary was given him for looking ſharp, and ſharp he would look, reſolving, like a good ſervant, to ſave four or five ſhillings at leaſt for every hundred pounds ſalary he received. Poor ſir Paul began to bluſter, when he ſaw one ſolitary roll make its appearance, but was obliged to draw in his horns, when he heard my lord Great-dog

had

had got a ſnap at the other three: he bore it for two or three weeks very patiently, but at laſt his ſtomach got the better of his patience, and he penned a curious petition to the 'ſquire, which, he prevailed on one of his brother ſervants to carry in. I wiſh I could give you a copy of the petition, but my memory is ſo ſhort, I dare not attempt it; though this I will venture to aſſert, there was no remonſtrance tagged to the end of it; and though the affair was ſo ſerious a matter, that nothing leſs than three parts our of four of a gentleman's bread and butter depended upon it, yet there was nothing but humble requeſt, couched in the humbleſt expreſſions; in ſhort, the words *humbleſt*, and *humble*, and very *humble*, and *moſt humble*, came rumbling

and

and tumbling ſo faſt over one another, that it was with great difficulty the 'ſquire eſpied the bread and butter in the midſt of the jumble: luckily for ſir Paul he ſiſh'd out his meaning at laſt: he then gave the petition to his brother, who, after reading it aloud to the great entertainment of Mrs. Bull, told the 'ſquire that ſir Paul ought to have redreſs, and ſpeedily; for, adds he, what a ſhame will it be upon us, to have a man of ſir Paul's conſequence ſeen crying at your door for the loſs of his bread and butter? The 'ſquire agreed his brother was right, and that moment ſent an order to my lord Great-dog, to reſtore ſir Paul his full quantum of rolls, with all arrears.

Whether ſir Paul got his arrears paid up, or whether they were ſunk into the pocket of my lord Great-dog, time alone muſt diſcover; but certain it is, the 'ſquire ſaved nothing by ſir Paul's guts being pinched for three weeks together; and what is worſe, I have heard ſince, that what with the paſtry-cook charging ſo abominably for mutton-pies, and the baker's extortion for baking ſir-loins, the honeſt worthy 'ſquire runs out a great deal more than he ever did, when his kitchen was in the moſt flouriſhing condition; ſo that it is thought by ſeveral ſenſible people, that my lord Great-dog and his comrades ſave at the ſpigot and let fly at the bung-hole.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

A dirty account of a dirty fellow.

I Should have been much pleaſed to have remained my whole life in this reputed virgin's pocket, becauſe I ſhould have ſhared with the 'ſquire in ſome of the pleaſing hours he ſpends with that ineſtimable creature his lady; but miſs wanted, or choſe to want, caps, and handkerchiefs, and ruffles, and trimmings, and a long bead-roll of ſhe herſelf hardly knew what: ſo away ſhe tripped next morning to Vanity-fair, by worldly men called Taviſtock-ſtreet; there I think ſhe received but eighteen pence change, and a great bundle of gewgaws, for poor me. How

miſs, who belonged to the 'ſquire's family, (whoſe attendants could run in debt, and pay as badly as courtiers) came to lay down ready-money, I could not conceive, but I ſoon heard at the millener's: by my new miſtreſs's diſcourſe in five minutes I underſtood, that miſs's father was a ſcoundrel baronet, who had run into every body's debt, and being a member of parliament, the poor tradeſmen that he had robb'd and half-ruined, had no remedy againſt the thief. How the thin blood in my veins boils to find ſuch infamous police in a ſenſible nation; to ſee a poor wretch, who at the riſque of his life bids you ſtand on the highway; and takes your guinea or two from you; or braving the danger of a blunderbuſs being fired at him from a window, breaks into your

houſe,

houſe, and carries off a few goods; to ſee thoſe poor devils go up Holborn-hill to a fate we all allow them juſtly condemned to, and at the ſame time tamely ſuffer a villain, a cowardly ſcoundrel, that durſt as well eat fire as bid a man ſtand, becauſe he is raiſed above the law, to rob with ſafety hundreds of induſtrious working people, is to me the moſt abſurd management a wiſe nation could fall into: and what is worſe than all, you find this raſcal not a bit worſe looked on by gentlemen of real merit as well as fortune.

My new miſtreſs, the millener, I found was a mighty inquiſitive as well as a mighty communicative lady: ſhe had a method of extracting the ſecrets of all her cuſtomers from their ſervants, and was as free in communi-

cating them to other people. You may judge what a pretty knack ſhe had acquired at ſtory-telling, by the account ſhe gave of miſs's papa, the moment the young lady was gone:—Judy, ſays ſhe to her partner, how the duce could miſs B— come by this bank-note? I am ſure her honeſt father would not give it her, and her wages from Mrs. Bull are pawned for five or ſix quarters to come. Thinks I, I can tell you how miſs came by me, if I would; but leaſt ſaid ſooneſt mended; ſo I let the millener go on: again ſhe repeated to her partner, Where the duce could miſs get this note, Mrs. Judy? Get it, ſays the partner; to be ſure ſhe has got it in the way her father taught her; he was ſcoundrel enough to tell his daughters two years ſince, that he had been at the expence of bringing them

them up till they were able to earn their own livings, and now they might go and work for themſelves, and be d—'d, for he he did not fear but they had as good working tools as their neighbours. He at the expence of bringing them up, a raſcal! ſays Mrs. Croſs-ſtitch, half the trade's-people of London have clubbed to that expence: if 'ſquire Bull could but come at the truth of things, he would neither employ him, nor let the ſpawn of ſuch cattle come near that ſweet creature, his wife. Well done, thinks I, Mrs. Croſs-ſtitch, I ſhall be apt to believe every word you ſay now, becauſe you ſpeak truth of the ſquire's wife, for a ſweet creature I know ſhe is; but what can ſhe and the 'ſquire do, if the w—s and rogues that are about them will collogue to recom-

mend nothing but w—s and rogues to their ſervice? I don't ſee how they can help themſelves; all the vermin take care to borrow honeſt faces when they attend the 'ſquire and his wife, which makes them paſs off very well; for no body are ſo free from ſuſpicion as real good people. Whilſt I was meditating thus, Mrs. Croſs-ſtitch was going on;—If, ſays ſhe, 'ſquire Bull did but know what a ſcoundrel of ſcoundrels that father of her's is, he would not let the ſon be near him, for he may be ſure what is bred in the bone will never out of the fleſh; and the ſon has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſome of the father's tricks already: not being a member of parliament, he has found out what he thinks a ſafe way of robbing; though ten to one his bones will pay for it ſome day

day or other: he plays for pretty large ſums; if he wins, he takes the money; if he loſes, he ſays he was cheated, and won't pay becauſe the law cannot force him. When he gets into the houſe, (if he don't get his bones broken firſt) he will not come behind his ſhameleſs dad, in taking in all the trade's-people that happen to be ſtrangers to the character of his infamous family. But I ſhall have time, whilſt I am finiſhing this hat, to tell you a ſtory or two of that everlaſting ſcoundrel the father. Mrs. Plain-work, the partner, finding a little ſcandal likely to go forward, drew her ſtool nearer, and pricked up her ears; I pricked up mine too.

You muſt know, ſays madam Croſs-ſtitch, this infernal villain (the Lord forgive

forgive me for ſwearing) a year or two after he was married, went over to France, and there ſeduced a young creature, that had near twenty thouſand pounds of her own, to come over to England with him, where he kept her for years at his ſeat in the country, which he told his wife was too old and ruinous a place to carry her to: here he not only debauched the poor young creature, but meanly preyed on her fortune; and after it was all ſpent, to convince the world that there is not ſuch another abandoned raſcal on earth, baſely turned her out of doors to ſtarve in a ſtrange country. Lord have mercy upon us! ſays Mrs. Plain-work, with a twitch that overſet her ſtool, and ſent her (rump foremoſt) upon the ſhop-floor; but ſhe ſoon recovered herſelf, and begun her

ſentence again with, Lord have mercy upon us! and has our honeſt and good 'ſquire Bull ſuch rogues as this father and ſon and daughter in his pay? He has them now, ſays Mrs. Croſs-ſtitch; but the daughter, by being one of Mrs. Bull's maids, will get well married in a few days: but this is not all; I can tell you another ſtory of him, and ſome folks I do not doubt can tell you two hundred of the ſame ſtamp:—you muſt know that this fellow was firſt employed under this 'ſquire's grand-father: now it has been a cuſtom in the Bull family for every ſervant, on his firſt entrance, to ſwear againſt all dealings with the pope or any of his jeſuitical fry, and good reaſon for it, becauſe the pope pretends to be lord paramount over not only 'ſquire Bull's eſtate,

eſtate, but all the eſtates in the world if he could get them, and wants nothing but power to make his claim good. Now the Bulls being ſenſible of this, will not on any account employ a ſervant that has the leaſt regard for a fellow with ſuch a wide conſcience: accordingly the oath, and a very ſolemn one it is, was adminiſtered to this pretty gentleman I am ſpeaking of; who, to ſhew the devil how little he valued either him or an oath, or his good maſter 'ſquire Bull into the bargain, went (not long after he had taken this nabjuration oath) down to the country-ſeat I have mentioned, and there had maſs performed by a popiſh prieſt, at which he himſelf attended: what could be his motive for breaking a ſolemn oath, and diſobeying the ſtrict injunctions

tions of ſo good a maſter, no body can tell, unleſs it was that the prieſt had promiſed to give him, after the ceremony, an abſolution, not only for all the villanies he had already committed, but all that were to come; and that ſome way accounts for his being ſo thorough a raſcal.

Mrs. Plainwork had prepared herſelf for a remark or two on this laſt ſtory; but before ſhe could get a word ſhot from between two rows of black ſtumps which ſhe called teeth, a coach ſtopped at the door, and out came the biſhop of ——'s lady. I thought to have heard her order purple and black trimmings, or ſome ſuch grave matter for her gown, but no ſuch thing; madam had juſt bought a pink and ſilver ſtuff, and wanted all

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the decorations accordingly; they were ſoon packed up, when the lady pulled out a bank-note for thirty pounds; on which I quitted the millener's ſtomacher, where ſhe had ſtuck me, and walked, with four or five guineas, into the lady's purſe: luckily for my ſlender ſides, the guineas and I did not occupy the ſame apartment in the purſe; I was diſpatched to the ſmall end, and the guineas joined ſome companions at the thick end. I ſoon found my new miſtreſs was a woman of ſpirit: ſhe carried me to at leaſt a hundred and fifty routs in leſs than three weeks; where, as I ſaw nothing extraordinary, I ſhall not trouble my readers with any account of them; for whoever has been at one, has ſeen all. My new miſtreſs loved a game at cards, and therefore com-

commonly contrived to pay her laſt viſit where ſhe knew they played late; by which means you may judge ſhe did not get early home.

CHAP. XVIII.

A biſhop a worthy man, no miracle I hope?

ONE morning the biſhop wanting a book, remembered he was indebted ſomething to his bookſeller, ſo aſked his lady if ſhe had a ſmall note about her; on which ſhe preſented me to him: in return for which he, with a look of complaiſance, gave her a ſixty. Conſidering he was a biſhop, I think I never ſaw a more affable man, nor a better huſband;

band; and he ſhewed his good nature in an inſtance that happened that very morning:—madam had not been gone a quarter of an hour, before one of her footmen, a thin meagre young fellow, came in, and ſcraping, ſaid he hoped his lordſhip would not take it amiſs if he gave him warning. What is the matter, Ralph? ſays the biſhop. Nothing at all, ſays the poor fellow, but I have an opportunity of getting a place in a more regular family. The oddity of the expreſſion ſurpriſed the biſhop ſo, that he could not help crying out, oons! (he durſt not ſay zoons, for that would have been ſwearing, but he ſaid oons) what does the fellow mean? The poor lad was ſo frightened that he could not tell him what he meant; but his lordſhip recovering himſelf, by a mild queſtion

queſtion or two, ſoon found out that the conſtitution of the poor lad would not ſuffer him to ſit up till two or three every morning, ſo very humanely told him, that till his health grew better, whenever his lady ſtaid after ten or eleven o'clock, he would get her to give him leave to come home, and content herſelf with one footman for the remainder of the evening. I was ſo much pleaſed with the behaviour of this prelate, that for his ſake I will ſpeak well of the church whenever I can find an opportunity.

In about half an hour the biſhop ordered his coach, and drove to his bookſeller's, to whom he paid me. I did not ſtay a great while in his hands; for between printers and poets, a bookſeller's money ſeldom takes a long

nap in his pocket. I had not been an hour in his cuſtody, before a printer came in and carried me off: the manufacturer of bawdy and treaſon having a ſhoal of devils and other fry to pay wages to, changed me as he went home with his old acquaintance Zachary Lamb-pye the paſtry-cook: I had not been half an hour in his company, before an ill-looking fellow came in with a covered baſket, and directly, without ſaying by your leave, or with your leave, walked down into the cellar: the paſtry-cook followed; the man inſtantly opened the baſket, and took out the carcaſs of ſome animal or other, but what it was I could not make out, for the head was off. Here, maſter, ſays the fellow, did you ever ſee a finer carcaſs than this? it is as fat as butter; you might make veniſon

ſon-paſties of it, inſtead of mutton-pies, for I think I never ſaw a fatter dog in my life. It really is a fine carcaſs ſays the paſtry-cook; but I will call Peggy to pay you, and mind you let me have as fine a one againſt Tueſday. Saying this, he went up into the ſhop, and ſent down Peggy; by which means my readers muſt remain in the dark about the price of dogs, eſpecially if they are ready dreſſed to make mutton pies of. I could not help thinking, if they ſtuff dogs into mutton-pies they muſt ſurely make lamb-pyes of cats; for which reaſon, if ever tranſubſtantiation ſhould come into faſhion, and I get changed into either man or woman, and retain my preſent way of thinking, I ſhall have no great appetite either for mutton or lamb-pye.

CHAP. XIX.

A very ſhort one.

I Have been at different times in the poſſeſſion both of Mr. Foote, Mr. Garrick, and Mr. Colman; but their adventures I reſerve for my third or fourth volume, as I ſhall digeſt them well before I exhibit them to my readers. Public characters, as the inimitable Mr Nailem very juſtly obſerves, are not to be ſported with.

As to theſe two firſt volumes, I do not expect they will be finiſhed with ſo high a hand as I deſign the third and fourth ſhall be, becauſe my bookſeller rather hurries me, or more properly

perly ſpeaking, hurries the perſon I inſpire with my knowledge, and whoſe head and hand are now fully employed in penning theſe adventures of mine. I know you think it is no unuſual thing for bookſellers to hurry poor devils of authors: but my bookſeller, contrary to the general rule, has good reaſons for his hurry—becauſe he is obliged to truſt me in his garret for hours together, in the poſſeſſion of a worthy gentleman whoſe pocket has had no bottom to it for full twenty years paſt: no wonder then that Mr. Quarto ſhould be afraid that the pockets which never could hold the proprietor's own money, ſhould let another perſon's bank-note ſlip through; the loſs of the ſum I know would not either vex or ſurpriſe him; he has been bit by authors before

now; but the loſs of me would be irreparable. The man with the learned horſe ſays that he tried two hundred and forty-five, before he could find a horſe with capacity enough to learn the languages, and perform the proper manœuvres: ſo it might happen with my bookſeller if he loſt me; for not only all the occurrences of my life would be loſt to the public, but he might try a million and forty-five of my brethren before he could get one capable of making a ſingle remark, much leſs of arranging thoſe remarks in ſo maſterly a manner as I do. But there is a greater riſque than even Mr. Bookſeller himſelf is aware of, in leaving me with this gentleman; for ſhould I ſlip through his bottomleſs pocket, ten to one but I ſlide directly into the Bank, where at laſt we all fulfil

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the ſcriptures—from duſt we came, and to duſt ſhall we return; for we no ſooner enter that place, and the caſh is demanded for us, than a fellow with a hangman-looking face, takes us by the nape of the neck, and in a moment twitches ſome taliſmanic letters (which to us are the ſpinal marrow) from the north-eaſt corner of our ſkirts: the operation is no ſooner performed, than down we drop, and are joined with patriots, penſioners, princes, peers, pimps, parliament-men, porters, and proctors, in the gloomy cave of eternal oblivion.

CHAP. XX.

Puff against Physic. Physic purges Puff.

I Was paid to a worthy gentleman, who had been, and still is, a great customer of Mr Nailem the auctioneer in Cabbage-square: he carried me the next day to the auction room of this genius: Mr Nailem junior was then mounted: smiling and smirking like his inimitable dad, he was saying, What, no more than thirty shillings for this admirable picture? amazing! and an original too! I take upon me to warrant it an original; upon which my possessor bids five guineas directly: Thank you, sir, says young Nailem, making as easy a bow

as

as if he had been buttoned up in a buckram frock.

A phyſical gentleman, a great judge of painting, who had a real friendſhip for old Nailem, and often bought pictures, whiſpers young Nailem in a good natured way, you have rather gone too far in warranting that an original, for it really is but a copy.

You lye, whiſpers young Nailem. Five guineas is only bid for this delightful piece; pray go on, gentlemen, you are hardly at the price of the frame.

You lye! whiſpers the gentleman, that is a ſtrange expreſſion, which I cannot avoid taking farther notice of.

So ſhall I, ſays young Nailem; on which, nap went the hammer, and my owner got the original; when out came young Nailem from his pulpit, and giving the little gentleman Scarborough warning*, knocked him down.

I mention his being a little gentleman, to account for young Nailem's being ſo outrageouſly ſtout; for valour, when kept under proper command, always views its object well before it ſuffers itſelf to be tranſported too far; if the offender appears an over-match for the offended, the Goddeſs Fear is always ready to rock valour aſleep, and then there is

* Scarborough warning is knocking a man down firſt, then bidding him ſtand.

no harm done; but if the offender happens to be a ſneaking-look'd inſignificant man, then valour takes the advice of paſſion, and a ſtorm enſues.

But in this caſe, though the gentleman was little, he was neither a ſneaking nor an inſignificant-looking man, yet did young Nailem's valour kick fear before it, and behave as you have heard.

The defendant however recovering himſelf, drew his trap-ſtick, and was going to peg young Nailem to the wall: the gentleman's ſword was a very ſhort one, which is the reaſon I call it a trap-ſtick; but what he wanted in tool he made up in wig, and between both he cut a reſpect-

able,

able, though not a *moſt* reſpectable figure.

Friends interfering, prevented young Nailem from receiving four or five inches of this cold iron; and the ſame friends, to prevent their falling into the hands of thoſe harpies called lawyers and attornies, reſolved to make the matter quite up: the little gentleman conſented, on condition young Nailem, as a penance for ſuffering his valour to boil over, ſhould give twenty pounds to the poor of St. ****'s pariſh. In conſequence of which agreement I, who was changed that day by old Nailem, to pay for the curious original copy, was the next day delivered into the hands of the church-wardens, to be

diſ-

diſtributed according to their ſuperior knowledge of the neceſſities of the poor.

The two wardens inſtantly retired to the tavern, to conſult about this weighty affair. Buſineſs of ſuch conſequence ſhould be well digeſted: upon which they called for ſome wine, ſlices of ham, and bread and butter, which they put in a proper place to digeſt, along with the buſineſs, and ſo loſe no time; which prudent method of proceeding citizens call killing two birds with one ſtone.

They had hardly diſpatched a bottle a-piece, and each piddled down ſix ſlices of ham, with as many large lunches of bread and butter, when

when the ſenior of them was going to enter upon buſineſs; but the junior repreſented his motion was premature, for they had forgot buttered biſcuits and anchovies, by way of reliſher: the ſenior begged pardon, ſtaid till that point was ſettled, and then begun again.

CHAP. XXI.

Churchwardens eating turtle, to prevent the poor from growing fat and lazy.

THE biſcuits on which the waiter laid the anchovies unluckily happened to be hard ones, which proved a hard caſe upon me; but the waiters in taverns are the ſaddeſt dogs in the world; they have a ſtrange

ſtrange alacrity in doing wrong; ſoft biſcuits would have been the thing both for the intereſt of the houſe and the benefit of my readers; the wardens would have eat more, and I ſhould have heard their converſation much plainer; but the confounded hard biſcuits made ſuch a noiſe with crumping, that I loſt almoſt half their words.

You ſeem a little ſurpriſed, friend, to find them eating and talking both at a time; but your wonder will ceaſe, when I inform you they were qualifying themſelves for high burgeſſes; and he that cannot eat and talk, nay and even take a nap upon occaſion, all at once, cuts but a poor figure, either as a high burgeſs or an alderman.

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The jaws of the ſenior were wagging and crumping, and making a noiſe, which appeared to me like a coach running over new-laid gravel, when he thus began thus:—I think the turtle-ſeaſon is not quite over yet: Not over! ſays his companion, rubbing his hands and crumping away as if he would eat his teeth into the bargain, what makes you think ſo? Becauſe, adds the ſenior, I know where to get one: That's delightful, ſays the other, licking his lips from corner to corner (which operation his tongue performed very nimbly, though the corners were near five inches aſunder) but don't loſe a moment's time in ſecuring it; won't it bear a haunch too, think you? exceeding well, replies the ſenior, who was a rum and brandy merchant, provided

vided we ſtick to ſheer punch, which is the only liquor Engliſhmen ought to drink; but that d—'d rot-gut, that French claret, which your meagre-fac'd, lank-gutted lords are ſo fond on, makes ſuch a confounded hole in a reckoning, that it leaves no room for good eating. You are right, ſays Mr. Floundermouth, who was a fiſh-monger, one good turbot, with lobſter, ſhrimp, crab, and oyſter ſauce, is worth a whole hogſhead of claret, which coſts at leaſt fifty pounds; and I'll provide ſuch a diſh as I ſpeak of for fifty ſhillings. Very good, ſays the brandy-merchant, let that and the veniſon be your taſk; I'll look out for the turtle. On this they finiſhed the third bottle, and got up in order to depart; but juſt before they

reached the door, the brandy-merchant (who was a thinking man) recollected that a trifling part of the buſineſs was forgot. Hold, ſays he, to the waſher of fiſh-guts, we have forgot a ſmall part of the buſineſs; how much will it be proper, think you, to allow the poor? what ſay you to twenty ſhillings? with good management we may contrive to ſpare that ſum. Enough, enough, of all conſcience, ſays honeſt Floundermouth, and we will give drunken Kate five ſhillings out of it; ſhe will make noiſe enough, and ſpread our generoſity round the pariſh, ten times more than one hundred pounds given to honeſt, induſtrious, quiet people would do; then a few odd ſix-pence's to the very troubleſome tribe will do the buſineſs ef-

effectually. On this they parted, and went first to dinner, and then about their separate commissions.

I am sorry I cannot give you an account of the feast, because that day I was delivered into the hands of a West-India captain, for a fine turtle of about eighty pounds. I did indeed some time after hear Mr. Flounder-mouth say to a friend that asked him how they fared at the feast; Why pretty moderate, says Flounder-mouth; for though we were thirteen true trencher men to a small turtle of about eighty, yet I believe as much went off as would have served a moderate man; but the turbot and venison help'd to fill up chinks. —Thinks I, six pounds a man, with the chinks wedged up with venison,

is pretty moderate indeed! if your capacities equal your ſtomachs, you will make excellent aldermen.

For this ſmall turtle of eighty pounds, the honeſt rum and brandy-merchant paid eighteen pence a pound, and took a receipt for half a crown; thinks he to himſelf, my brother Floundermouth may charge fifty ſhillings for his ten-ſhilling diſh of turbot, and welcome; here I have fetched him up with a wet ſail. But there was another reaſon why he got it ſo cheap, which my reader ought to know:—this turtle was ſent as a preſent from a Weſt-India planter to a worthy gentleman who lives within fifteen miles of the city; the captain ſeeing it a very lively fellow, marks one of his own, whoſe conſtitution he rather

ſuſpected, with the ſame mark. It died on the voyage: on which the honeſt captain ſends the dead turtle to the gentleman; but being cautious who he ſold this to, on account of the mark, he let the rum-merchant as a friend have it a pennyworth; ſo as the turtle was really worth two ſhillings a pound, the rum-jobber, by charging half a crown, had no occaſion to make his conſcience debtor for more than ſix-pence per pound purloined out of the charity. I hint this to him, becauſe no man who has buſineſs enough for his conſcience in other branches, ought to load it with articles in which it has no concern. You will wonder perhaps how the captain, as the turtle amounted to no more than ſix guineas, could give change againſt a twenty pound

bank-note. I'll tell you how:—Old Swallow-oath, of Shadwell, had juſt paid him twenty guineas for ſome ſmall caſks of rum that had found their way in the dark, out of the captain's ſhip into his cellar, and there lovingly pigged all together in one bed, and called themſelves Britiſh brandy: now the captain having only two guineas a-piece to pay to the two tideſmen, had ſixteen guineas left; why ſhould you therefore wonder that he could give change againſt a twenty pounds bank-note? and change, as I ſaid before, he did give; on which I walked into his fob, without any ſuſpicion of his being ſo finely fobb'd as he was when he parted with me again, and continued confined in his little pocket about a week; during which time the captain ſtuck cloſe to buſi-

neſs on board, on pretence of getting the ſhip delivered as faſt as poſſible; but the truth of the matter was, to get a few more caſks of rum landed, and another turtle diſpoſed of; for ſo ſoon as that was effected, he left the ſugars to find their way home as well as they could, and went to refreſh himſelf at the other end of the town. At Vauxhall he met with a very lovely girl, who quickly ſaw he was juſt come from a ſalt-water element, and was ready to eat freſh proſions almoſt raw: ſhe managed accordingly. The tit belonged mother N——'s crib, in Hollow-ſtreet. She would touch at no tavern nor bagnio, not ſhe; ſure he did not take her for a common creature! With great intreaty he prevailed to attend her to her own lodgings: the bawd gave an

elegant ſupper; the girl fought ſhy, talked ſenſibly, and diſplayed her charms to the greateſt advantage, wound captain Turtle up to the top of the houſe, and then retired. On which the bawd aſked him if he choſe to have a coach called? The captain ſaid bluntly, no; he deſigned to lay with that young woman. Not at my houſe, ſays madam, till you have been properly introduced; and then indeed, after that ceremony is over, ſo long as you ſtay in town you may command a bed for nothing. The captain aſked what was the introduction? You ſhould, ſays madam, have been introduced by one of the members: Kitty ſure muſt have ſeen ſomething very much of the gentleman in you, or ſhe would never have ventured to break through a rule I ſtrictly ob-

obſerve; moſt of the gentlemen that come to ſleep here preſent me with a fifty pound bank-note; indeed that cannot be called much, becauſe one with another they take it out in bed-room at leſs than half a guinea a time. The captain told her his buſineſs never ſuffered him to ſtay long at a time in town, to trouble her much, but he had a twenty pound note about him, which was at her ſervice. She told him, he preſented it with ſo much the air of a gentleman, that ſhe accepted it with more pleaſure than ſhe did many a fifty from ſome of her other cuſtomers. On this the captain was conducted with two wax lights before him to Kitty's apartment, who really was a pretty girl, and by accident in high health; the captain had that comfort

for

for his money. In the morning there was only three guineas to pay for ſupper, and five guineas Kitty inſiſted upon to buy a new gown with; as ſhe was ſo taken with the captain, ſhe was reſolved to admit no body elſe ſo long as he ſtaid in town. The pleaſure of having ſo fine a girl to himſelf, made him lug out his purſe, for he brought twenty guineas in gold, beſides poor me; he gave Kitty the five guineas for the gown, and added two for trimmings, &c. then counting the ballance, and finding ten guineas left, he reſolved, like a true tar, to ſtick by the ſtuff as long as the coin laſted: and by uncommon good management it laſted two nights more with Kitty; by which time the captain's belly was as full as his pockets were empty; and he took a ſolitary

walk

walk on board his ſhip, ſorely troubled with the mulligrubs, and wondering all the way how he could conſume the produce of two pilfered turtles, and one hundred and fifty gallons of ſmuggled rum in three days.

CHAP. XXII.

The colour of a pale horſe.

I Did not ſtay long in the bawd's pocket; neither gold or bank-notes reſt quietly with ſuch kind of cattle: lightly come, lightly go, ſays the old proverb. I was paid the next day for hoods and caps and ruffles, &c. to a bawd of character, a tip-top millener, in —— ſtreet, who took in the News for the uſe of her private friends;

friends; for which reaſon ſhe kept an elegant dining-room upon her hands, where ladies and a gentleman now and then uſed to retire to read the papers; to prevent any appearance of evil thoughts, there was not ſo much as a bed upon the firſt floor; in a pretty light cloſet indeed there was a very neat bureau, with a very handſome damaſk cuſhion upon it. Whilſt Mrs. Double-ſtitch was putting me into a drawer of the bureau, I took great notice of the cuſhion, but could not for my life think what might be the uſe of it. I had not however lain there above an hour before I heard a humming ſort of a noiſe, which I ſoon diſcovered to be a male and female voice. Did your ladyſhip ever try, ſays the male voice, to reſt yourſelf againſt a bureau in

this

this poſture? ſtay, let me put it againſt the ſmall of your back. Dear ſir George, ſays the lady, it muſt be very curious, I never tried it before.

You muſt imagine my ears were pricked up an inch higher than common, to hear what new experiment was on the anvil; but ſuch a total ſilence enſued, that I cannot ſo much as gueſs what they were about: if any of my readers have a better hand at gueſs-work than myſelf, I beg they will communicate their thoughts to their moſt devoted and moſt obedient humble ſervant, and he will inſert them in the ſecond edition.

I did not ſtay long enough with Mrs. Double-ſtitch to hear the adventures of another morning; for

that

that evening ſhe paid me to a linen-draper, who ſent me by poſt to an old country gentleman in Berkſhire, of whom he rented an elegant pretty little ſnug box in the moſt duſty part of the King's Road to Fulham, which ſtood ſo conveniently cloſe to the road, that you might reach a ſtage-coachman a letter or a bundle out of the window.

The old gentleman to whom I was ſent is what the learned call a fine old Grecian; he has learning enough to lead him wrong, though far ſhort of enough to ſet him right; but what he wants in judgment, he makes up in what the ill-natured world calls obſtinacy, but he ſtiles it firmneſs: but although the old gentleman never gave up an argument in his life, yet he is

a very good man, and of a very humane diſpoſition: he has an only ſon about the age of nineteen; his name is John, but the old gentleman calls him Jackey, for ſhortneſs: his mother died when he was about fourteen, and ever ſince he has been the old gentleman's companion and pupil.

The father being very well aſſured that he himſelf knows as much of the world as any man ought to know, took upon him the education of this ſon of his. Jack is a lad of tolerable natural parts, but by the help of the old gentleman's education, is grown a complete unlick'd cub. The father, to bring his ſon up a good Chriſtian, has with great ſkill ſo divided the Bible and New Teſtament, that by reading a ſtated number of

chapters per week, his pupil gets the whole finiſhed once a year. Of late Jack begins to aſk ſome queer queſtions, and the old man takes upon himſelf to anſwer every queſtion he aſks, not caring to let him think he is ignorant of any one article belonging either this world or the next. One evening as I lay in the old gentleman's breeches-pocket, for he always carried me there, I heard Jack reading aloud, thus: "And I looked and ſaw a pale horſe." A pale horſe! what colour's that, father? A pale horſe, Jack; why, do not you know that is a white horſe: when a man looks pale, Jack, he looks white. What a fool was I, that could not think of that? ſays Jackey. On he went: "And I looked, and I ſaw a pale horſe, and the name of him

that

that ſat on him was Death, and Hell followed him." Hell followed him! Lord have mercy on us, father! there muſt have been the devil to pay in thoſe days. That there was, Jack, ſays the old fellow; for death was riding poſt to demoliſh the wicked Jews; and when Death overtakes wicked rogues, hell is ſure to follow. That's a ſure thing, ſays Jack: but pray, father, what are theſe ſame Revelations? Revelations Jack, ſays the father; why, they are revelations boy; that is, they were a ſtrong kind of dreams, called Revelations; but then St. John was full of the Spirit. O! I underſtand you, father, ſays Jack; but was it brandy or rum punch he was inſpired with; I warrant they put ſpirit enough into their punch at that time of day. You oaf, ſays

the old man a little ſharply, St. John drank nothing but water; he was full of the Spirit of truth, which inſpired his dreams. Then I muſt be full of the ſpirit of lies, ſays Jack, for I never dreamt aught but lies in my life. Dreams, ſays the old gentleman, do not often come true now-a-days, becauſe this is a very lying age; for ſleeping or waking, nothing but lies fly about: but read away, Jack; we ſhall never get your day's-work finiſhed, and I begin to grow hungry. During this converſation, ſome of the leaves of the Bible had turned themſelves over; nevertheleſs Jack proceeded to read the firſt verſe he caſt his eye on:—"And the ſtars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree caſteth her untimely figs, when ſhe is ſhaken of a mighty wind. And the

the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman hid themſelves in the dens, and in the rocks of the mountains." Echod, father, ſays Jack, it was high time to ſcamper for't, elſe the ſtars would have pepper'd them purely; why, a ſtar muſt be as big as a pigeon's egg at leaſt; is not it, think you, father? Thereabouts I fancy, ſays the old man; but get forward, my boy, ſupper is on the table; on which Jack finiſhed the chapter, and then they both fell to, and finiſhed a large barn-door fowl.

CHAP. XXIII.

A caution againſt touching a ſore noſe.

BY the dialogue in my laſt chapter, my reader may form ſome judgment what kind of a notable fellow Jack is likely to turn out. In the morning the old gentleman took him him in the ſtage-coach to town; he had never been there but once, and that was when he was only ſeven years old; therefore every thing he ſaw was quite new to him, and he gap'd at all objects, in the true ſenſe of the word; for his mouth being open the whole way, he ſeemed to ſwallow whatever he either ſaw or heard. About eleven o'clock they arrived at the Bull in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, where the

the old gentleman ordered breakfaſt. Jack commended the toaſt extremely, eat three plates of bread and butter, and drank tea in proportion; but when he heard them ſay eight pence a-piece for breakfaſt, he had like to have brought it all up again. Jack did not care to ſpend money; the old gentleman had taught him that trick. Lord, father! ſays he, don't let us ſtay long in this extravagant place; we ſhall be ruined. The old gentleman was pleas'd. We ſhall get away, boy, ſays he, at four o'clock; ſo we'll go and buy what we want, and then I'll let you ſee a little of the town, which will ſave the expence of dining. Away they walked. When they came into Cornhill, the new buildings facing the Bank took Jack's eye: he was informed they be-

longed to the directors of the Bank. And did theſe Bank folks, ſays Jack, direct this lump of houſes to be made in the ſhape of a coffin on purpoſe? It is likely they did, ſays the old man, to put them in mind they muſt all come to a coffin at laſt. They then turn'd into Bartholomew-lane. Whew, ſays Jack, did the Bank-men build this houſe in the dark, father? Why ſo, Jack? Becauſe they could not ſee to ſet it even with the ſtreet. Here the old man was puzzled; he could not find the leaſt ſhadow of an excuſe for it, ſo walked on pretty faſt, and turned up towards Moorfields. Paſſing by a broker's ſhop, he ſaw the man admiring an elbow-chair he had juſt got new vamped for ſale. The old gentleman unguardedly ſays, That's a mighty clumſy chair. The broker

broker, who was naturally a teſty fellow, retorts haſtily, Not ſo clumſy as your noſe. Unluckily for the old gentleman, there was not a part about him would ſo ill bear touching as his noſe; it was graced with three or four very large excreſcences, and thoſe ſo inflamed, they made it look like the dog-ſtar in a moonleſs clear night. This ſpeech therefore of the broker's hit him rather too hard. You villain, ſays he, ſhaking his oak plant, how dare ſuch paunch-gutted raſcals as you take notice of a gentleman's noſe? Still he kept walking on, turning his head continually to the broker, and muttering raſcal, ſcoundrel, &c. when unluckily a boy running home with a pudding and baked meat from the oven, at the ſharp turning of a corner, came with ſuch a plump

againſt the old gentleman, whoſe eyes were ſtill upon the broker, that his coat was ſaluted with a ſmoking hot piece of beef, and his waiſtcoat and breeches received all the fat and gravy and half the pudding. This unfortunate accident happening before his blood had time to cool, occaſioned ſuch a ſtorm in his pericranium, that his countenance ſurpaſſed all deſcription; his rage was too great for words to expreſs; he looked as if he was going to engage not only with all the world, but even with Belzebub himſelf: he ſeemed as tall as the houſe he ſtood by; his cheeks reſembled two blown bladders, and his eyes flaſhed fire from every corner; which increaſed whenever he caſt them down on his gravified waiſtcoat and puddenized breeches: in ſhort, he cut

ſo

ſo dreadful a figure, that inſtead of the foot-paſſengers making a ring round him, as is uſual when any thing extraordinary happens in the ſtreets, they very contentedly croſſed over the way; but then indeed they could not help taking a peep at him, when the whole breadth of the ſtreet was between them. The picture was really worth looking at; Jack cut no very contemptible figure in the groupe: he ſtood with his upper and lower jaw near half a foot aſunder, ſtaring firſt at his father's fiery face, and then at his ſcalded waiſtcoat and breeches: there was the poor boy with his hand locked in his hair, ſcratching to find out whether he ſhould ſtay to cry, or run away from ſo dreadful a figure: there was a piece of beef, and a very good piece too,

too, ſmoking upon a tinman's ſhop-ſtep: there was a part of the pudding that did not chuſe to ſtay upon the old gentleman's breeches, ſcattered with the pieces of the broken platter all along the pavement: there was a dog turning round and making a diſmal roaring, becauſe he had unadviſedly ſtuck his teeth too raſhly into the hot beef: there was an apothecary's apprentice wringing his pocket, having broke no leſs than three half-crown vials of chalk and water againſt a poſt, as he was ſtaring at the old gentleman's furious phiz. I was proceeding to take notice of the reſt of the groupe, when the old gentleman took out his handkerchief, I ſuppoſe with deſign to rub his cloaths, but not knowing what he did, rammed it ſo hard into the breeches

breeches pocket where I lay, that I was entirely prevented from hearing or ſeeing any more of this dreadful affair: nor did he remove the handkerchief till Jack and he were gotten ſafe home again: where, on my being diſengaged, I found them hard at work on a large diſh of eggs and bacon. I am ſorry I cannot give a full and true account how the farce concluded: from Jack's diſcourſe at ſupper I could not gather much light. Father, ſays he, after exerciſing his jaws for a full half hour on the ſlices of bacon, the tough ſkin of which crumped purely betwixt his teeth, yon' Londoners are the biggeſt fools in all the world; they can't ſo much as make a pudding; if that pudding under the beef had been a right ſtiff

pudding,

pudding, it could never have flown about your ears and ſcalded your legs ſo plaguily as it did. Right, Jack, ſays the old fellow; they are a pack of conceited dogs in that Lunnon: I never go amongſt them but when I cannot help it: but drink, lad, and then read one chapter, while I finiſh my pipe, and then it will be bed-time. Jack took the Bible, and read away; he was ſtill in the Revelations; he went on quietly till he came to this verſe: "So then, becauſe thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will ſpue thee out of my mouth." St. John hated luke-warm things, father, they made him ſpue. St. John is only telling you, Jack, what the ſpirit ſaid. But can ſpirits ſpue, father, ſays Jack?

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The old man was once more puzzled: he clapped the tankard to his mouth, and took a good pull to conſider of it: then rubbing his lips with the back of his hand, and fetching his breath, Jack, ſays he, read away, the tankard will be out before the chapter if you do not make haſte; and I am tired, and want to go to-bed. Jack obeyed, and ended his chapter juſt where I do mine.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Which ends rather abruptly.

A Man that in battles, or broils, or ſkirmiſhes, proceeds with great reſolution to knock down every poor devil that is not ſo ſtrong as himſelf, is what the world calls a hero: I therefore maintain, that a man who with brazen lungs and brazen face, proceeds by dint of noiſe and braſs to dumb-found every man that offers to oppoſe him, is likewiſe a hero: there are heroes in words as well as heroes in blows. Thyrſites was a hero in words; but Ulyſſes being a hero both in words and blows, proved too many

for

for him. I could wiſh, for peace and quietneſs ſake, that two or three of theſe double qualified heroes were admit-to practice in Weſtminſter-hall; that when a very noiſy, ill-tongued hero was running unwarrantable lengths, it might be in the power of a client to fee one of theſe hard-knuckled heroes to oppoſe him: this method might keep ſeveral of theſe diſciples of Thyrſites in good order: but ſafe behind that impenetrable ſhield the law, the ſcurvieſt raſcals upon earth make a ſcurvy uſe of their very ſcurvy tongues; but let me get out of this ſcurvy company as ſoon as I can, and return to my ſubject. There are likewiſe heroes in ſmall-ware, and heroes in great matters, and both act from this very ſame prin-

ciple, viz. a conſciouſneſs of doing what is right to the beſt of their knowledge: my friend, the father of honeſt Jack, is a hero of the ſmall-ware claſs; and were it only to protect a fly from being devoured by a ſpider, if he once undertook the affair, he would ſpend five hundred pounds to complete it. Though he and Jack live very frugally, yet the old gentleman, by his heroical tricks, makes a ſhift to ſpend a pretty large yearly income.

I am ſorry I cannot now finiſh the ſtory of this old genius and his ſon; but the end of the volume has ſtolen upon me unawares, and the ſecond being half printed off, I am obliged to pop both the old gentleman, his

ſon

ſon Jack, and an honeſt curate, to whom he preſented me, into the latter part of the ſecond volume; where, if you have patience to read till you come at them, you will certainly find them; if you have not patience, e'en take your leave of them here, for they'll want your company as little as you'll want their's. My ſecond volume begins with the adventures of an apothecary, to whom I was paid by the honeſt curate; whoſe hiſtory therefore ſhould have preceded the apothecary's; but for once you muſt be content with the cart before the horſe. I do not claim an hereditary right to it as an Engliſhmau; but Engliſhmen I hope have a right to take ſome ſmall liberties that way now and then.

So much for apologizing.

Have you never ſeen a ſwinging blind fellow, Proteus-like, changing ſhapes for a livelihood? one day you meet him ſcraping upon a bum-baſe, as big his own belly; the next day he is ſtuck, like one of the Royal Exchange images, againſt St. Andrew's church-wall; and the third day you'll meet him following a dog tied to the end of a long leathern ſtrap.

This figure makes no ſmall figure in my next chapter; but having no farther occaſion for him at preſent, he and his dog may walk about their buſineſs: when I want them, I know where to find them.

9 MR 53

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.